

THE CITY. Collected Herein & Scattered Again. THIS NEWSPAPER unfolds from 50 houses: In Philadelphia: AFTERWORDS - 218 S. 12th St. AKA MUSIC - 7 N. 2nd; BIG JAR BOOKS - 55 N. 2nd; BOOK CORNER - 311 N. 20th; BOOKJAVEN - 2202 Fairmount; THE BOOK TRADER - 501 South; CAFE BELLA VISTA - 620 S. 9th; CAFE LUTECIA - 2301 Lombard; THE GREEN LINE CAFE - 4329 Baltimore Ave.; HOPE ON 7TH - 701 Bainbridge; HOUSE OF OUR OWN - 3920 Spruce; INFUSION - 7133 Germantown Ave.; LATTE LOUNGE - 816 N. 4th; MOLLY'S BOOKSTORE - 1010 S. 9th; PETT 4 PASTRY STUDIO - 160 N. 3rd; PHILADELPHIA JAVA CO. - 514 4th; THE RAT PACK CAFE - 631 N. 3rd; R.E.LOAD/SKATE NERD - 142 N. 2nd;

ROBIN'S BOOKSTORE - 108 S. 13th SALSOITO - 602 SOUTH; SODAFINE/VAGABOND - 37 N. 3rd; SPACEBOY MUSIC - 409 South; 514 BOOKS - 514 Bainbridge; THE LAST WORD - 3925 Walnut; TIN MAN ALLEY - 608 N. 2nd; WOODEN SHOE BOOKS - 508 S. 9th; WORDS & WHIMSY - 1924 SOUTH; Northern Counties: ARBY'S BOOKCASE - 291 E. County Road, Harbor; DOYLESTOWN BOOKSHOP - 16 S. Main, Doylestown; CYBORG ONE COMICS - 5 S. Main, Doylestown; FARLEY'S BOOKSHOP - 44 S. Main, New Hope; MAIN STREET RECORDS - 11 S. York Road, Harbor; SIREN RECORDS - 25 W. State, Doylestown & select New Jersey & New York merchants. Look for our Fleet of News-Buses throughout Center City Philadelphia.

TOO BIG TO READ
ON THE SUBWAY.

IT'S ALL HERE &
IT'S ALL TRUE.

The Philadelphia Independent

BEHOLDEN
TO NO ONE.

NOSTRE MANES
SUNT INFANTES.

VOLUME ONE, ISSUE NO SIX

SPRING 2003

50 cents in PHILA. \$1 ELSEWHERE

ARSON NAVAL HOME BURNS

Toll Brothers Invested
In Philadelphia Politicians,
Left Land Vacant for 20 Years

BY JARED ROSENBAUM

One of our city's largest properties and most historic buildings was badly damaged by arson last month. The Naval Asylum at 24th and Grays Ferry Avenue has sat abandoned and undeveloped for more than two decades, despite many accusations of neglect from neighbors and preservationists. Toll Brothers—a major political donor and the nation's eighth largest homebuilder—gained full title to the 20-acre property in 1988 for \$1.2 million. Since then, the city's Board of Revision of Taxes has not raised the property's valuation by a single dollar. The fire marshal determined the fire to be arson, according to later reports in the *Inquirer*.

The fire started shortly after midnight on February 3. Hours later, the steam and smoke were still pouring out of gaping black holes where windows had once been. Twelve hours after the blaze was sparked, firefighters were still pumping water into the 170 year-old landmark.

Behind the Asylum, the thorny reeds and brush were matted into a swampy, mud-slaked pathway as

turn to ARSON, page 4

WHAT TO BELIEVE

For many people, it's not easy to know what they believe about death and what comes after. Thinking about it though, seems to be a necessary first step in finding words for our children. And if we really don't know what we believe? What then?

—FRED ROGERS

HOT DISH COMING THROUGH!



A Grain of Salt
Page 13

FOUND POEM

FIVE YEAR DIARY
To Sue
With love from Daddy
Xmas 1959

January 1st 1960 Friday
Cleaned out chest of drawers.
Wrote thank you letters.
Cooked supper for Mummys,
saw play went to bed.
Auntie Terry phoned.
I had horrible
dream...

—UNKNOWN

Nb3 x a1!



Tame
the
HORSE
Page 12

On the Blizzard

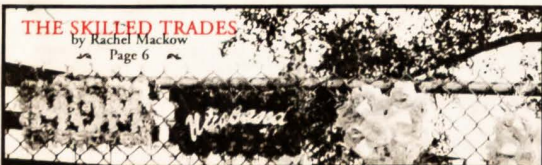
BY LOREN HUNT

It had been an unusually long week. You'd think, this being America and all, that we would be able to forget our financial worries, concern over possible terror attacks, and the intensifying dread that not only are the people in charge of the country making inhumane and unforgivable mistakes, but that most of the civilians are equally insane. Instead, the news headlines spouted tales of panicked, misguided herds of people stampeding the Home Depot for duct tape and sheet plastic, grocery stores for mass quantities of bottled water and canned food, and army surplus outlets for gas masks and chemical suits. Usually, there was a sidebar detailing the symptoms of botulism or a spine-chilling supposition of what the aftermath of a dirty bomb might entail. The news headlines that weren't discussing Code Orange and its resulting hysteria were focused on the ever-ominous war with Iraq: The one that hasn't happened yet, the one that seems more abstract and absurd by the day, the one that inspires in many of us a vague, impotent fear of the future. Yeah. The war.

But this isn't about the war. This is about the snow.

The intense, jubilant relief upon waking up Monday morning to that familiar overbright gray glow leaking over the floorboards of my bedroom. The first expectant peek out the window, where I found fulfilled my wildest, most persistent dreams left over from childhood in all that white stuff. The city like a scene set in a Nintendo game village, cartoon-like, covered and smothered with obscene quantities of that most wondrous and magnificent of natural substances. The fact that although the streets were entirely devoid of man or car, although my backyard already looked like a half-filled cup of milk, although it seemed the whole universe was blanketed in dazzling brightness, it was still snowing. Blizzarding, really. Little House on the Prairie shit. Swirling, whistling riots of glittering dan-druff. At first, I just stared out the window, marveling that I had forgotten the way things sometimes got so freakishly beautiful for absolutely no reason. Enveloping quiet, the sensation of being absolutely safe within it, buried in that great natural muffler of harsh, grating everyday noise. Then: The delayed and joyous recollection that this was a day where absolutely nothing could possibly be expected of me, because it was a BLIZZARD and all rules were OFF.

When I finally ventured outside into the blizzard, I found winding, labyrinthine trails cut through the drifts piled on my street, already half covered by fresh snow, which neighbors were actively shoveling anew every fifteen minutes. We smiled at each other: The wide, excited, genuine smiles that appear on strangers during shared experiences of this sort.



Notes to a Wall

Yesterday, an 18 year old girl, clutching tissues, coral lipstick and a thatch of dynamite, stropped into a coffee bar on Allenby, across from the beach and the Hollywood Strip Club, ordered a cappuccino and exploded.

I had been there the weekend Benny left for Stockholm. Staring into passing traffic, we drank honeyed, milky tea. The air smelled like cloves. Benny taught me his language, how to say sidewalk and seabluff, pharmacy. In Swedish, they call a seagull, gull. Sand drifted from the shore, into open windows, into our eyes. Sun seeped our skin on the other side of the port, soldiers detained a small boy for throwing stones. The soldiers carried guns. The boy wet his pants.

—ARIELLA COHEN

A NO-COAT is any person with access to a coat who chooses not to wear it on a cold evening. This is usually because the No-Coat expects to spend the majority of the night inside of cars, taxis, restaurants, bars, lounges, and other heated places, and does not anticipate being exposed to the elements for more than, say, forty-five seconds at a time, when scurrying between this series of indoor places. If you would like to observe a flock of No-Coats for yourself, try the 200 through 500 blocks of Market Street at 2:10 a.m., Wednesday through Saturday. (S.C.)

We hereby denounce all letters, images and any others symbol or combination of symbols that purport to have meaning but in fact exist only as mortar to fill cracks in bricks of text left behind by groggy typesetters.

ON HORSEPLAY

that being the
Transformative Misuse
of the Cityscape

BY BRANDON JOYCE

For those with the right kind of eyes and umph, Philadelphia is a playground, a labyrinth of experience, laid in brick, gray, and rainbow Legos. I felt the openness and the open-endedness on my first stroll down Ben Franklin Parkway into Center City: the space, statues, mazes, the twists and turns and secret passageways; the open doors and welcoming tones—a refreshing change of pace from the creepy Lovecraftish claustrophobia of my previous home in Providence, Rhode Island.

I'm interested in the transformative possibilities of the cityscape, the hidden world that exists outside of the economic, political, and historical contours of Philadelphia. A wonderland revealed only through the magic of transformative

turn to HORSEPLAY, page 4



Bird by Diana Prescott
Hanging at Big Jar Books

Tiny dogs wrapped in makeshift sweaters writhed around in the middle of the street, yelping excitedly, the snow well over their heads.

There were cross-country skiers and kids riding BMX bikes off their front steps into the snow banks flanking the street, which was, despite the futile attempt of some poor plow, still buried. The only cars in sight were recognizable as cars only after a rigorous application of the scientific method—they looked more like marshmallows. Philadelphia had been emphatically shut down by the blizzard. Almost everyone was off work, out of school, unable to run those painfully trivial errands that occasionally make life seem like such a waste of time. I was so involved in the euphoric irresponsibility of total and complete helplessness in the face of a natural event that I forgot to look at a newspaper until at least five o'clock.

When I did, I laughed. No terrorism. No Iraq. No horrible deaths by exploding spaceships. Just snow. The front page of the paper gave the impression that a blizzard had not only cancelled out the rules and responsibilities of our daily routines, but had also superseded the rules of the rest of the world. After a long week of living in a city neurotically obsessed with warding off a random, dangerous force beyond its control, it seemed like the most serendipitously beautiful brand of irony imaginable to watch this same city revel in a different kind of random force beyond its control. There is a strong urge to fear the unknown, to dwell on the fact that the balance of lives can be upset irrevocably by irrational, illogical events. There is an equally strong tendency to forget that such irrational, illogical events are potentially some of the most powerful reminders that life is worth living. I'm going to try not to forget this so quickly the next time something scares me. That sort of fear makes for a lot of unusually long weeks.

"FAMOUS RIVALRIES" a Puzzle by Jason Gibbs, WITH PRIZES Page 16

GOV. RENDELL PREVAILS OVER FROSTBITE & MANURE AT INAUGURATION

But Lt. Gov. Makes
Blind Boy Wait in Cold

BY JOE BARBER

The temperature in Harrisburg on the day of Governor Ed Rendell's inauguration in late January rose as high as seventeen degrees Fahrenheit, with the wind chill a lot lower. The stands at the Governor's swearing-in were packed. About 3,000 people were waiting anxiously to see Ed's big moment. They were waiting. And waiting. And freezing.

The crowd was getting restless. The State House and Senate members still hadn't arrived. The all-Democrat crowd speculated that the Republican legislature was having a last-minute session to embarrass the new governor and pass some particularly loathsome bills.

I found out later that it wasn't the Republicans who were causing the delay, but Katherine Baker Knoll, our new Lieutenant Governor. Her thank-you speech in the senate chambers went on for forty-five minutes longer than scheduled. She was basking in her moment of glory while 3,000 citizens were succumbing to frostbite, the boy's choir had no coats and little Timmy, the 9 year-old blind boy who was scheduled to sing the National Anthem, was wearing just a white shirt, green blazer and white gloves. The lack of consideration was appalling. She must have been thinking all of her ancestors along with her plastic surgeon. Apparently she thought that her speech was more important than the well-being of all those crowds. Thankfully the Governor seems to be in excellent health, since the clueless 72-year-old would take his place if anything happened to him.

Once the legislature filed in and was seated, House Majority Leader

turn to Ed, page 3

What's New?

Parties & Politics National News

The Democratic primary race for City Council's First District has inauspiciously begun along classic "my enemies versus my enemies" lines. Judging from the talk at campaign parties held by the two favorites one night in late February, each candidate will likely attempt to paint his opponent as the pawn or puppet of a nefarious political mastermind. When asked about the major issues that the candidates disagree on, one DiCicco backer eagerly connected challenger Vernon Anastasio to Mayor John Street. Anastasio, likewise, at a party announcing his candidacy, told his assembled faithful that "I stand not here not as a powerful proxy to a state senator... I am the people's candidate," never mentioning State Senator Vincent Fumo by name but leaving little doubt to whom he was referring.

The city seems to already view the purported Fumo/DiCicco axis as a straight-up case of political suppression. DiCicco will have a more difficult time linking Street and Anastasio, who has thus far taken pains to avoid affiliating himself with any camp.

While the DiCicco/Kenney function at The Plough and Stars (\$250 cover, \$100 for budget-conscious young professionals) drew out City Council President Anna Verna and Councilman Angel Ortiz, Anastasio managed to attract an equally luminous crowd, including A.J. Thomson (Fishtown Neighbors Association), Matthew Hart (Spiral Q Puppet Theater), Cozmic Cat (disk jockey) and Shier Slider (waitress).

The closest thing to a Street proxy at L'Etage was a trio of union-affiliated gentlemen, who initiated the party's first concerted assault on the hors d'oeuvres table, before setting up base camp a plausibly disinterested distance away. The spread that included salmon with crème fraiche, black truffle pate, and smoked gouda cheese, frequently and expertly refilled by Slider who kindly explained what everything was.

There were also good eats to be had at the DiCicco/Kenney event, but having crashed the gates under the cloak of "media," we were a little bit shy about asking, or even eating.

Anastasio founded Reasons To Stay, a city-wide coalition of civic and neighborhood organizations that drafted a "Neighborhood Bill of Rights" calling for a quality public school system, reasonable parking enforcement, a lower wage tax, and a transparent system for assessing real estate taxes.

Since announcing his intention to run, Anastasio has distanced himself from RTS. Is the group a genuine grassroots movement, or a platform for Anastasio to build his political base? It appears the answer is both, and we have trouble finding any reason why one should at all detract from the other.

To unseat DiCicco, Anastasio will have to capitalize on DiCicco's powerful political enemies—Mayor John Street and union leader John Dougherty—while maintaining credentials among his post-RTS neighborhood base as an independent plan dealer. It won't be easy.

DiCicco, for better or for worse, will be carrying Fumo's banner throughout the race. This means he will have access to vast stores of manpower and funds, which never kept anybody from getting elected.

There is also talk of a third Dougherty-backed candidate gathering signatures for the primary, but we have yet to see a single sign, button, or petition bearing his name. Primary day is May 20.

WASHINGTON, D.C. — A draft of the "Patriot Act II" bill has been released by the Center for Public Integrity. The bill proposes to further gnaw away at the rinds of free thought and civil liberty that the first Patriot Act carelessly left behind. This new Patriot Act would relax standards for wiretaps, surveillance, interrogation, and detention for activities that have nothing to do with terrorism, things like marching in a peaceful protest or making a public statement of dissent against the coming war. Anyone supporting a political protest of a "dangerous nature" could lose their citizenship under the bill, even if they broke no law. The entire bill can be found online at www.publicintegrity.org.

City News

CITY HALL — Hallwatch.com is a political website created by Ed Goppelt, a citizen who has made revealing the often-mysterious mechanics of city politics and public records into his full-time calling. The website includes information about all of the upcoming birthdays of political officials, City Council meeting schedules, reprints of recent news articles collected from a wide range of sources, searchable databases of real estate and property tax information, campaign contribution records, City Council hearings, bills and notices, and election statistics.

Goppelt currently has three lawsuits in progress against various branches of City Hall, all of which address City Hall's unwillingness to provide Goppelt with reasonably priced, electronic versions of the data he posts on his webpage. Instead of CD-ROMs or disks, he is given access to magnetic tape offered at astronomical prices. "It's as though they're hiding behind the technology," Goppelt said.

Hallwatch has made our leaders—particularly those on City Council—more conscientious about participating in and even showing up for meetings. The site is regularly cited by Philadelphia's daily newspapers as a primary research source. The City ought to be thanking Goppelt for assuming the role of online city records ombudsman. Instead, it seems, they are doing everything possible to make it harder for him to do his job. One wonders why the City even continues to care records at all, if it is unwilling to share them with a citizen who is so plainly acting for the public good.

LATIMER STREET — One evening in late February, eighteen members of the Pen & Pencil Club converged to elect Mr. Chris Brennan as their new president. Brennan, who ran unopposed and reports on the governor for the *Daily News* said he wants the club to offer more Wednesday night off-the-record sessions. "It's a good place to talk with the people we cover about how we cover them," Brennan said.

Dan Kenney, who tends bar at the club, expects the place to function as usual, as Mr. Brennan has been on the board for two years. And that's good news for free frankfurter aficionados and those shy, secretive sippers who don't like the sound of last call.

Freedom of the press belongs to those who own one. — A.J. LIEBLING

MIKEY WILD IS AN ARTIST.

HE WANTS TO BE
THE GREATEST ARTIST IN THE WORLD.

"MIKEY PICASSO DELUCHA WILD!"

He blurts out in excitement. Mikey has many titles: the Mayor of South Street, Rock n' Roll Mikey, and Michael DeLucha, which is his given name. But it is the punk rock title "Mikey Wild" that he signs in black letters on all of his drawings. Making art is what matters most to him nowadays; he "draws ten times a day" he says; goes around town in a black beret to boot.

One recent Sunday afternoon, at Molly's Bookstore, I met up with Mikey and his girlfriend / muse / mentor Chrissy to talk about his burgeoning career as an artist and his past life as a major figure in the Philadelphia punk rock scene. Five foot two, mid-forties, all in black, he hops into the store with a big smile, and immediately starts petting Jacky, the store's orange tabby cat. He seems nervous and excited, and the whole time he keeps looking up to Chrissy for guidance. She towers over him, and with her faux fur and her sunglasses and her long wavy golden hair she has the aura of

a movie star. She keeps her glasses on and keeps her cool.

After the interview ends I watch them walk away. Every couple of steps, compulsively, he reaches up to peck her lips. Mikey, it must be said, is a little bit overly cautious of Chrissy's "jealousy" and requires her to chaperone him whenever and wherever other women might be present. And so they are inseparable, always. Except, that is, when Mikey goes out each day to sell his drawings all over town. His daily route takes him up and down South Street, and he drives some store owners nuts with his constant visits.

People in general tend to talk to Mikey in a condescending tone, 'ooohing' and 'ahhing' over his works as one does to a kindergartener. This is probably the easiest way to react, as his drawings seem simplistic and childish at first glance. His portraits are all done with colored markers on nine-by-twelve stock paper, and subjects he chooses—zombies, John Lennon young and

turn to MIKEY, page 10

THE FUTURE WE WERE PROMISED

BY BENJAMIN TIVEN

While navigating the line between art and commerce can be difficult, occasionally someone does it fluidly, managing to sacrifice neither their art nor their commerce in the process. Arthur Radebaugh (1908 – 1972), who traded on his imagination and talent for illustration, was just such an individual. From the mid-1930s to the early 1960s, through the highs and lows of machine-age futurism, Radebaugh was a professional illustrator, doing work for clients like *Motor* magazine, the Chrysler Corporation, and Coca-Cola. To every assignment he brought his own unique sensibilities: sweeping, streamlined designs for cars and mass transit, multi-tasking robots in stockrooms and even on other planets, a criss-crossing lattice work of bridges and highways, unheard-of flying machines, and a pneumatic-tube-like ability for humans of the future, no matter how much they still looked like June and Ward Cleaver, to instantly go anywhere.

Radebaugh's galleries were the publications and advertisements he created, and as they faded out with the changing times, his body of illustration work disappeared with them, seemingly lost. Seemingly, I say, because Radebaugh's illustration portfolio has been rediscovered, by fluke, right here in Philadelphia, buried in a huge cache of old negatives. The prints will be displayed—as art, this time—at the Lost Highways gallery, 307 Market St., in a show called "The Future We Were Promised," starting the first Friday of March. The exhibit is both the reprinting of these lost negatives

(and some negatives themselves will be on display), as well as original products and pieces which Radebaugh worked on. The work starts in the mid-1930s with Radebaugh as a young freelance illustrator, and spans the bulk of his career, ending with his daily *Chicago Tribune* comic strip in the early 1960s.

Radebaugh was an illustrator, not an industrial designer; while his drawings share many characteristics with the sketch work of Raymond Loewy, Norman Bel Geddes, and R. Buckminster Fuller, he was not encumbered by the realities of science or construction like they were. As well, they imagined one item at a time, whereas Radebaugh's daemon was to see the future in all its epic totality. This is what distinguishes his work and makes it important. In the 1930s, his drawings reflected the exciting, unknown, and bizarre possibilities of the oncoming age of machines. His work in the 1950s reflects something else, something more stable, more present-tense: the family sedan, the drive-in movie, the mechanic and his garage. But in all his work, replaying and expanding itself in every assignment, is the conviction that people and machines will inhabit the future together. That he was able to produce such a thoroughly (if strangely) developed vision of what that might look like is why he is worth rediscovering. From his first assignment to his last weekday comic strip, it's all the evolution of the same dream.

EDITOR'S NOTE: THE INDEPENDENT shares office space with Lost Highways.

THE GREAT JADOO

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PELICAN DAUGHTERS

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The paper that writes you back! The paper that never sleeps! The paper that answers the phone!

obituary

FRED ROGERS

1928 — 2003

BY MARK LOTTO

The zipper broke on my red sweater, and I can't find my other sneaker. Mr. McFeely's worried the puppets will all lie there limp and mute, but I tell you, I'm afraid to go and look. Lady Aberlin won't stop crying. The trolley we've festooned with black. *Who will explain this to us?*

Mister Fred Rogers died of stomach cancer this past Thursday. He was 74, and husband of Joanne, father of two, grandfather of two, television host, ordained Presbyterian minister, puppeteer, singer, pianist, teacher, innovator, reader, avid swimmer, writer of small operas, great friend and neighbor. In the Land of Make Believe, he was appended into striped tiger and pussycat, king and queen and Lady Elaine, but in his living room, remained, in sweater and navy-blue sneakers, enduringly the same, although three decades on air turned his hair slowly silver. He was, throughout, the very picture of great-heartedness and, while authorities tend to incarcerate adult men who entertain other people's unaccompanied children in the privacy of their own home, it was generally agreed that in the case of Mister Rogers we were safer there than elsewhere.

Sesame Street was, to be fair, quite a lot more fun; the fantasy was never ever cloistered away, and we kids were led to believe that the neighborhoods of New York were busy with all sorts of goofball monstrosities. But Fred Rogers made a quieter entertainment out of gentle reassurance, out of kindness and sincerity, and when he was on we sat down in front of the television for the pleasure of feeling loved. "The only person in the whole world just like you" he'd say to us at the close of each visit, and even if we were just old enough to think *what a friggin' nerd*, in his voice we knew conviction, and comfort.

Most children's hosts resemble sports mascots or rodeo clowns, but Mister Rogers mostly played himself: it would however be hard for us to underestimate the courage of his ordinariness. He had the face as he aged of a sweet old gazelle and, like Clark Kent shedding his glasses, transformed himself for us only in the smallest and most vivid of ways. There was in fact no put-on at all in his act or his art, and so we accepted as true all that he told us about friendship, nature, wheelchairs, harmonicas, antique cars, ribbon factories, straw, bell or towel factories, Lou Ferrigno in his green make-up, Navajo art, and where the goldfish went.

Mister Rogers was, perhaps more than anything, a generous and gifted explainer, and he took as his subjects not just what made us smile but what made us cry. This curious nerdy man believed that children should be protected but not fooled and thus his neighborhood, peopled with real people, was touched sometimes by great difficulty, divorce and even death. And when something sad or terrible occurred, he sat down, he did, because he loved and respected us so, and *spoke to us*. It seems to me a horrid and nasty insult that Fred Rogers should die just as our president defrauds the world into a war. Will reruns be enough to sustain us, or do we all fail when we end?

Besides we never did know where he came from each day in his raincoat or his plaid blazer, and now we do not know where he's gone. This is some scary shit, I won't lie, and no matter how many times I flip the switch the trolley just won't come. I am inconsolable, but maybe, perhaps, there is time enough for one song or more.

Now, everybody, all together—

"It's a beautiful day in this neighborhood, a beautiful day for ...

LETTERS

VALENTINE

DEAR PHILADELPHIA:

I'm striding up Pine on a Monday morning, past dog walkers and women in high-heeled boots, when a man crossing my path blurts, "This is the city that loves you back!" He's moving quickly, a blur of white hair and blue parka brushing past me, and I'm left with the echo of his voice. I keep walking, but I'm slightly shaken—I can't tell if he was talking to me or to himself, if he was angrily sarcastic or oddly sincere.

There are certain dreams from which I wake remembering only a phrase—out of context I can't make sense of it, but I *know* if I could remember the rest of the dream these words would take on incredible significance. In my head, the man's outburst takes on that dreamlike quality. He was referring, I guess, to the official, trademarked slogan of the Greater Philadelphia Tourism Marketing Corporation: "Philadelphia: the place that LOVES YOU BACK." But what did he mean?

The whole incident has started me thinking. Philly hasn't showered me with roses or naughty lingerie in recent memory, or even called. What does it mean, really, for a place to love a person? The concept conjures hallucinatory images in my head, of cartoon trees embracing and cars' headlights turned to winking eyes, of William Penn climbing King-Kong-like down from City Hall, tossing his scroll aside and giving my hair a brotherly tousle.

Implicit also in the slogan is this contrast between Philadelphia and other places I might visit: callous, uncaring places. I might ♥ NY, for example, but New York could give a rat's ass. If there's a difference here in Philly, where exactly does it lie? What I've been thinking is that the full meaning of the slogan may be wrapped up in its last little word: Philadelphia loves me *back*. In this city, love is mutual.

I moved to Philadelphia in May of last year, from Washington D.C.—a place that never truly loved me, though that's a different story. I was vulnerable, on the rebound, and Philly, you wooed me from day one. You placed that chrome and enamel countertop outside my doorstep, then that complete set of mixing bowls on my corner. You left me love notes on dumpsters and garage doors, wheat-pasted them onto brick walls.

And I fell hard. Those first months I was glowing with getting to know you—we spooned John's water ice in Cianfrani Park and chewed mochi from Chung May, browsed old postcards at Mostly Books and dizzied ourselves at Dirty Frank's. We were sweaty and passionate then, and everything was new.

It was later that we began to notice little faults in each other—I rarely do the dishes without being asked; you've got this bad habit of privatizing schools.

And I found myself doubting you, at times. Horrible thoughts crossed my head, thoughts like *I bet the weather in San Francisco is nice this time of year, and I wonder how much an apartment in Rome would cost*.

But Philly, I have come to realize that no place is perfect. And in those moments when I've opened myself up to you—to your one-way streets and your skyline, to your smells: ginkgo leaves in the fall and mud in the spring, bread baking on south eleventh street and trash can fires smoking in the Italian market—I have found that I know, in gut and bones, that there is no place that would love me better than you do.

It comes to this: I love Philadelphia. And when I say this to people who don't live here, they often ask me why, as if I will be able to rattle off a list of qualities that make this city The One. I ramble on about neighborhoods and friends who live here, my favorite shops and breakfast spots, but somehow always find myself at a loss. Because ultimately, love is not a list of qualities.

It's something you just know.

Sincerely,
SARAH KOWALSKI

POSTCARD

HOWDY!:

I'm sure some of you have already heard at some point this week, or earlier, that I am heading down south on a road trip. It's true. I keep getting bombarded with tons of descriptions of the south and, well, you know my weakness for doing nothing in beautiful surroundings for cheap. I hope to mollify the puritanical dissent within myself, and learn more about that southern aesthetic of living I keep hearing about. I'll be visiting Graceland, Sun Studios, Dollywood, as well as Country Music USA, The Grand Ole Opry, Tennessee W's old house, where, I have heard, there is a great collection of old southern dolls and toy soldiers, arranged on his bed, to recreate famous southern battles. I also hope to explore the ghettos of Richmond Va, "Fist City". I hope to gain some weight and get into shape, take some touristy photos and most importantly purge myself of some of that Yankee ignorance. Obviously I am running away, from this nasty ass weather as well. You know what it is that I care about. And you know how I fail to do it justice. Wish me luck, kids. I'll be returning back in the spring.

ROMEO

THE PLAQUES THAT WE FORGOT

TO THE EDITORS:

In response to Tom DiEgidio's story "The City the Plaques Forgot," I would like to point out that there is indeed a large public monument created to acknowledge Philadelphia talent—the Philadelphia Music Alliance's Walk of Fame. The Walk of Fame is along South Broad Street's "Avenue of the Arts," on both sides of the street, from Walnut to Spruce Streets. The Walk consists of 106 bronze commemorative plaques honoring Philadelphia area musicians and music professionals who have made a significant contribution to the world of music. The Walk of Fame is the City's most impressive public monument to the people who have made Philadelphia one of the nation's oldest and most prolific music capitals. The Walk celebrates an incredibly diverse group of music people, including Marian Anderson, Pearl Bailey, Peter Nero, Chubby Checker, Patti LaBelle, Stan Getz, Jeannette MacDonald, Kenneth Gamble, Leon Huff, Jimmy Smith, DJ Jazzy Jeff Townes, Solomon Burke, Stanley Clarke, Todd Rundgren, Jerry Blavat and Pat Martino.

A list of plaques and more information is available at www.philadelphiamusicalliance.com.

HOLLY DRAUGLIS
Executive Director
Philadelphia Music Alliance

DODGE THE DRAUGHT

TO THE DRINKING PUBLIC:

The lives of ten million promising, healthy, creative young people out of every generation are demanded by an institution so insidious, so cunning, so fundamentally evil that it makes Saddam Hussein resemble nothing if not a kindly, benevolent uncle. One out of every five American families must contribute their best, their brightest, the most precious of the fruit seeded by the very loins of democracy, to be sentenced to a fate crueler and more dangerous than the dirty bomb. The enemy, in this case, is subtle and manipulative; it beckons instead of recruiting, it tempts only to destroy, and its agents walk among us freely, disguised as our smiling friends and neighbors, our very own loved ones. Furthermore, the government does nothing but encourage this pestilence, this plague, this pervasive and persuasive enemy of the people. Instead of launching an immediate and comprehensive attack against this deadly monster, those in charge, the same who claim to protect and defend their own, stand idly by, hands in pockets, whistling a baroque guilty fugue while the American people sacrifice their sons and daughters to an abhorrent beast. It would seem that the government has signed a Faustian contract with this most wretched of infidels, offering its children as raw material to come out of the microbreweries, the bars, the house parties as finished products: Debased and debauched drunkards.

Drink fires the baser passions and stupefies the controlling powers of those who use it. Mentally and morally palsied, utterly oblivious to the just claims of liberty, loyalty, and good citizenship, the drunkard stands alongside the Al-Quaida operative as the natural enemy of all that we, as Americans, hold sacred. Even when not immediately posing the threat of violence, irrationality, or tragic lack of judgement, the drunkard is, above all else, an insult to sensibilities of those citizens whose sober and serious natures are more sensitive to issues of simple annoyance. Among other odious symptoms, the drunkard may count as his own redness and eruptions of skin, a fetid breath, foul belchings, disgusting garb, idiotic silence, silly good-humor, insipid simpering, fool laughing, insane carelessness, criminal immodesty, extravagance verging on madness, and general filth. The drunkard, commonly characterized by his or her coarse and motley crowd of boon companions and cohorts of loosely woven moral character, indulges shamelessly in habits that enslave. For although it is easier to ignore or cast off one's acquaintances with these unmitigated jackasses, one must never forget that they are first and foremost the victims of a slaving beast who would make tragedies of many a life.

Making for days lurid with profanity and nights hideous with orgies, the tippler's existence is nauseatingly permeated with the rank odor of perdition. If a drunkard does not drink, they are in hell. Liquor alone gives them temporary relief, and each debauchery requires a greater quantity than before. Soon the demand becomes inexorable, and the craving must be satisfied, or a depression follows which makes existence seem intolerable. The drunkard will continue until willpower is prostrated, strength exhausted, resistance to the subtle demon impossible, and only eventual death will cure the daily misery suffered by one enslaved.

When liquor enthrones lust and dethrones reason, when it nullifies all ideals of social philanthropy, when it debauches countless childhoods, will we stand and fight for our basic right to live in a country populated by rational, sober, thoughtful individuals? Apparently, we will not. Apparently, the revenues incurred by the nation's infinite number of breweries and saloons are deemed by the government more valuable than the lives that populate its own future. Where will the nation's reserves of young, healthy, superior specimens of citizenry be when they are called upon to defend the

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country's most basic ideals of democracy? Unless a prohibition is enforced immediately, we may be certain that a large percentage will be drowning their misery in sordidness-tickling their gullets with the ichor of irresponsibility, destruction, and emptiness.

In allowing the dread disease of drunkenness to permeate the lives of so many potentially conscious, intelligent, articulate citizens, the government willfully ignores its own most precious resource. If the powers that fuel this country refuse to prohibit the distribution and consumption of a poison that dulls the instincts, deforms the visage, corrupts the health, injures the memory, and inflames the blood of its own people, we may safely assume that the government does not have in its best interest our safety and wellbeing, despite all of its desperately earnest proclamations otherwise. If our own protectors, our own support system, our very way of life can be so blatantly hostile to our physical as well as spiritual persons, we must divorce ourselves as thoroughly from this devil's advocate as possible. To do this, it is absolutely imperative that we clear our minds and bodies of its numbing, deadening influences, one of which is liquor. Prohibition, if not imposed by the government on the masses of disheartened, disaffected orphans abandoned by their leaders, must be enforced first within these same ranks, by their own volition, for the fundamental purpose of realizing their own freedom.

Sincerely,
JAMES H. POTTS

THE INDEPENDENT

SEEKS ABLE and enthusiastic writers and artists to fill these very columns. This paper is yours, Philadelphia. We invite you to make of it what you will, as long as what you make is good. Here's how to submit your work:

* * *

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The Distance

all the death has a way of getting us the love

it's always what's missing from anything that's missing

one tries to extend love by trying to distend for love

salutes you back

it's not philosophy it's a kiss moving down your spine

it holds

one day you can't believe how much it holds

nobody cares because you're not in the movies

a roof allows a house underneath

the can calls out for the can opener as much as the peas tragically inside i'm talking about love still

you were wild for someone in the distance but it was a mirror

—CACONRAD

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opinion

ON WAR

BY DON SILVER

I believe that peace and war are opposites and that war is not a path to peace.

I do not believe that war, once launched, can easily be managed. Consequences and counter actions can not be easily predicted or limited to those that are desirable by one side.

I believe that displays of might, for shock and for awe sometimes have the opposite effect of stunning enemies into submission. Those who perceive themselves to be targets and who survive violent attacks are much more likely to respond even more violently against aggressors. Attackers use shock and awe to impress themselves and to eliminate their own fears.

I do not believe it's appropriate to attack a country unless that country's army is lined up at another's border or its people are committing gross atrocities against others. In both cases, it's necessary for the rest of the world to band together and take whatever steps are necessary to stop those atrocities and to punish



those who commit them. Except under these circumstances, I do not believe in taking deliberate military action that will result in innocent people suffering or dying.

I believe that labeling someone else "evil" is antagonistic and actually stands in the way of achieving peace. By their self-righteous words and posturing, President Bush and his advisors have repeatedly and steadily increased the probability and therefore, the necessity of war.

Although it appears necessary to stop Saddam Hussein from amassing and selling weapons of mass destruction, committing human rights violations and harboring or abetting terrorists, such standards should be applied to all countries and such actions should be taken by a coalition of like-minded countries. The more countries, the more effective the intervention. Throughout history, no single imperialist power has ever survived.

I do not believe the rhetoric put forth by the Bush administration invoking Iraq's or any other country's intentions or hatred of us as justification for our attacking them.

In foreign policy and in human relations, I do not believe it is a good idea to try to read your enemies' minds or to use force preemptively to neutralize them.

My mother taught that one must care a certain amount to hate someone. I believe that hatred, no matter how intoxicating, is also an opportunity for healing.

I do not believe Americans are to blame for terrorist actions taken against us; however, neither do I believe that the U.S. government, corporations and our economic system are blameless for hatred directed toward us.

One of the ways we engender hatred toward us is by bullying other countries toward free-market capitalism and favorable trade in the name of democracy and human rights.

I am in favor of using our economic system and wealth to help our enemies around the world improve their conditions while being observant, vigilant and, if necessary, aggressive about preventing attacks.

I believe in conflict resolution wherever possible through exhaustive creative negotiations between enemies, if necessary using neutral third parties who are committed to finding peaceful resolutions.

At the same time the Bush administration is intent on destroying and occupying Iraq, the world is being threatened by militant followers of radical Islam, whose stated goal is to bring about the violent end of Western civilization using nuclear, chemical and conventional warfare. The numbers and capabilities of these groups are significant and growing and the extent of the destruction they can bring about is immense.

Using unthinkable terrorism and playing to latent fundamentalist tendencies in our government and in our country, these ideologues are succeeding in capturing the world stage and are now attempting to draw the Christian and Muslim worlds into a kind of Armageddon.

Besides using military power and intelligence activities, an alternative way to reduce these threats is to help followers of radical Islam, and fundamentalists of all types improve their own lives so that they begin to see their fellow humans in a more compassionate light. While this may sound naive now, over time, it could be very effective.

I am opposed to using terrorism as an excuse to advance one's economic and military agendas.

letter

To the PUBLISHER, EDITORS, STAFF & READERSHIP of



BY HENRY WILLIAM BROWNEJOHNS, EDITOR DEFUNCTUS

THREE WEEKS

BROOKLYN - If my own humility is to be trusted, then scarce few of the readers of this present newspaper will know who I am, as they are Philadelphians, and I am mainly celebrated in New York. I am that Mr. Brownejohns who was the founder and editor of THREE WEEKS, a modest, if seminal, periodical of a trihebdomodal nature, which was just last month reviewed in these very pages, by the Independent's Mr. Shainin. Why any of this matters will be arrived at eventually; more remarkable for the readership, I think, is an honest accounting of how it came to be that my celebrated name now appears in these pages, and how their beloved Independent does its dirty business, all the while appearing noble and sweetly naive in its newboxes.

An institution more flush than this paper might attract the services of coveted talents by offering ample paychecks and titular prestige, but lacking the support of a literate magnate, the Philadelphia Independent has stumbled instead upon the tactic of flattery. And upon my temperament, it has proven embarrassingly effective.

My own publication, the aforementioned THREE WEEKS, was put to rest October last, in a premeditated euthanasia of the literary sort, as a necessary step in my career's aggrandizement. Since then, my colleagues Mr. Alexander Swartwout, Mr. Jonathan Ephraim Underhill, Ms. Eliza Anne Bonney, and myself have been enjoying a much-needed respite from indignation and proof-reading - though to the consternation of our dedicated followers. And the editors of THE PHILADELPHIA INDEPENDENT seem to have been casual members of that constituency, though ones with a degree more cunning and a ton more opportunism than most. As such, they proposed to run in these pages a criticism of our efforts, and then extended the possibility that I and my allies might thereafter contribute essays to their Market Street endeavor. My initial concern was the unseemly appearance of my own work in a publication that is simultaneously judging the same; so I sat back for a month, believing some time was valuable for deciding whether to be a presence in the Philadelphia intellectual scene, or whether I should politely decline and take a post elsewhere. Yet I was unprepared for the subtle coercion that was to ensue, all culminating in such a friendly review here a month ago that to refuse my assistance to this paper would have felt less uncouth than letting my dear mother mow the lawn.

And so, swayed by the power of flattery, I here accept the offer of THE PHILADELPHIA INDEPENDENT's publishers to infrequently occupy those spaces in this paper that are not

already occupied by something better, and in so doing, ratchet up the prestige of this already rarefied publication. My THREE WEEKS colleagues and I collaborated for twelve remarkable months, and now want little more than to be many thousands of miles away from one another, so we have scheduled ourselves a number of lengthy trips around the globe, from which we intend to return with informative essays and lucrative publishing contracts - and this absenteeism might seem inconducive to regular columnism. In fact, with the editor's blessings, I will file my reports as frequently as possible, from wherever I might find myself, or otherwise will ask one of my far-flung confederates to do so, or else will recommend someone still better equipped; in every case, we shall hereafter opionate for the sake of the citizens of that cracked and discarded egg-casing of American democracy, Philadelphia. THE INDEPENDENT, naturally, reserves the right to terminate our relationship as they wish, and with the uneven tempers I suspect reside on Market Street, this would not be any more of a surprise than last month's sly campaign of compliments.

Regardless of their emotional connivance (the editors now boast many dozen competent contributors, and I am baffled by the prospect of so much gratuitous flattery being spread about, in lieu of more exchangeable currency, but am impressed as well), there is much to be admired in THE INDEPENDENT's machinations, and as my inflated self-confidence sputters, I remain enthusiastic about participating in such a forum. For the editors of this rag realize, as I and my colleagues did at the outset of THREE WEEKS, that the public is a hapless herd of ignorance and misinformation, basking in apathy, making frequent trips to wallow in poor habits and graze on the putrid roots of moronitude, and that the glory of democracy is only distinguished from the baseness of profligacy by the exercise of democracy's unique rights, and that a small minority of the Sensible will commonly carry the full weight of this exercise, for the benefit - and in lieu of - a great majority of Dimwits. Many Dimwits pass from this earth without ever knowing his, or her society was supported not by their blind headlong rush through life, but by the concerted efforts of persons like this paper's editors. All the popular outrage in the world can not bring about or sustain democratic society - but let it be focussed and amplified and reflected by the best wits and their stolen printing presses, and the society shall grow up healthfully. THE PHILADELPHIA INDEPENDENT is not the first, and by the grace of history will not be the last, crucial pillar of the enlightened civiliza-

tion so unceremoniously handed down to us; but it is one of a startlingly small number of such things.

To the publishers, et al, of this sheet, I offer my gratitude for their calculated but effective puffery on my behalf, and my support for their efforts, so long as they require it. To the readers, an introduction and greetings, and then a castigation: is it not abundantly clear that you have been granted a precious reprieve from the decline of your own collective consciousness? How can you remain at home, kvetching about the sorry state of the world, when the method of reform is so plainly handed out to the populace? Shamefully, my own grand city scarcely has as many worthwhile publications as your minor one now boasts. The country is thick with shabby prose and self-interest badly disguised as culture. Here is a paper that carries only two concerns, it seems, and they are the most fundamental: an interest not in their own reputation (that comes of its own) but the improvement of the rabble, and a conviction that literature is not a useful utility if it is *crud-dy literature*. Indeed, even the news merits the full capacity of the language - in fact, the news merits it more than anything.

While I make arrangements for my own ongoing contributions to the canon, I shall be pleased to lend my able hand in the construction of Philadelphia's.

BY ALEXANDER SWARTWOUT

POSTSCRIPT

While my associate Mr. Brownejohns has just exhaustingly run his characteristic circle around the matter of our cooperation with this newspaper, and has just barely touched upon any issue other than his own whimsy and the doltsiness of others, I hope to convey to THE INDEPENDENT's people my satisfaction with their survey of our bygone THREE WEEKS.

I only wish to raise the issue of our 'existence,' as it was questioned by the author of the column, your Mr. Shainin. 'None of us ever saw him, any more than he ever saw us, and so as an empiricist, I must leave open the possibility that Jonathan Shainin is as much a figment of some eccentric imagination as we reportedly are. The matter is, of course, dispensable. The mind of the reader will benefit as much in thinking all his favorite authors are specters, as all the authors will in thinking so of the readers.

Otherwise, I am satisfied and optimistic.

from Ed, page 1

John Perzel jumped up, grabbed the mike and cut to the chase. Although the program called for more singing and speeches before the main event, after some brief introductory remarks, Ed Rendell was sworn in by his wife Midge, a judge on the U.S. Third Circuit Court of Appeals. This happened quickly because if the oath of office is not completed by noon, the lieutenant governor becomes the acting governor until the governor-elect is sworn in.

In an act of mercy, Governor Rendell shortened his speech. Blind little Timmy could sing and then go inside and warm up.

After the inaugural, with all the politicians enjoying their television exposure during the speeches, I went around the corner to see the floats and bands lining up on the parade route. There, close to the front of the parade, in the middle of the street, right under the team of horses leading the Heinz 57 wagon, was a huge pile of horse manure. I asked the state police about it but they seemed unconcerned that all those marching bands would be walking over that very spot. It wasn't their problem so they weren't going to do anything about it.

This sight reminded me of another parade. Back when Ed Rendell was only Mayor of Philadelphia, he marched in the 2001 Philadelphia St. Patrick's Day Parade with Mayor Street, some councilmen, Cardinal Bevilacqua and various other politicians. The wind blew a used wrapper onto the Parkway, in front of the Subway shop. Though there were plenty of cops around who would be willing to help out, Ed Rendell walked himself over to the trash, picked it up and took it to a can. Even though it wasn't in his job description he was not above pitching in and taking responsibility for it anyway.

At the inaugural parade in Harrisburg, Governor Rendell was not on the street but up in the reviewing stand. Though the parade was in his honor and the marchers were parading for his benefit, he thanked each local yokel, beauty queen, dairy queen, corn queen and marching band member. He wasn't thanking them for honoring him. Instead, he said, "thanks for coming out," for coming out in the cold and putting on the parade for Pennsylvanians. And when he knew the name of the fire-chief from some small town, he shouted, "say hello to Chief So-and-so for me, will ya?" when the fire department passed.

The "people's governor" certainly made a good impression on his inauguration day, but how he will live out his legacy still remains to be seen.

NOTES ON OUR CONTRIBUTORS

ERIK BADER is a frequent contributor to THE INDEPENDENT, a passionate lover of humankind, a proud owner of an overweight cat named Molly, a fervent reader of dusty old tomes, a frequent lurker in interesting museums, a happy drinker of ales and stouts, and a dutiful citizen of Philadelphia. Emails sent to etbader@hotmail.com will be received in the comfort of the home where he lives, in East Falls.

JOE BARBER is the Principal and Chief Economist for Old City Consulting Group, a firm that specializes in economic reports and forensics. He can be reached at barber@oldcityconsultinggroup.com.

HENRY WILLIAM BROWNEJOHNS founded and edited THREE WEEKS, a newspaper in Queens, New York. He will soon be departing to unknown locales. This is his first contribution to THE INDEPENDENT.

CACONRAD's book *Frank* is forthcoming from The Jargon Society, and *advancedELVIScourse* is forthcoming from Buck Down Books. He is working on a long serial poem with poet Frank Sherlock titled *The City Real & Imagined: Philadelphia Poems*. He co-edits *Frequency Magazine* with poet Magdalena Zurawski. He can be reached at CAConrad13@aol.com.

ARIELLA COHEN is an Associate Editor at THE INDEPENDENT.

LAURA COXSON used-bookseller by day, wild "Hang the DJ," party hostess by night, likes to write interviews with quirky Phillies when not travelling the world.

JASON E. GIBBS was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. He lives a simple life.

LOREN HUNT is an Associate Editor at THE INDEPENDENT.

BRANDON JOYCE (brandonjoyce@hotmail.com) is a member of the Center for Experimental Living, an international thinktank devoted to the transformation of everyday life. He lives in Philadelphia with his grandmother Mattie and his cat, Arnold.

ISH KLEIN is from New York but now she lives in Philadelphia. She is looking for a very inexpensive apartment larger than 10 feet x 12 feet and less than 300 dollars. Will pay rent in cash if so desired and does not wish to have a lease longer than three months. Contact through the paper.

PATRICK LIEDTKA is a social worker turned health care bureaucrat. He hopes to prosper in the illustrious tradition of Wallace Stevens and William Carlos Williams as a writer with a day job. He is a regular contributor to THE INDEPENDENT.

MARK LOTTO lives in Los Angeles, California and is an Associate Editor at THE INDEPENDENT.

JEFFREY D. PELY is not a writer. When he's not scribbling cryptic notes in his black composition book for the next great American novel, he's listening to the

'Tinnitus' seven inch, folding his fanzine *Tom Foolery*, and day dreaming of the white picket fence and sunset.

RACHEL MACKOW is a regular contributor to THE INDEPENDENT.

ROGER PETERSEN lives in Northern Liberties with his dog, Nina. He regularly contributes illustration and comics to THE INDEPENDENT.

THIS IS NEAL RAMIREZ's first contribution for THE INDEPENDENT. Neal went to school at Temple University and plays guitar and sings for the Snow Fairies.

ANDREW REPASKY McELHINNEY volunteers at the Chestnut Hill Film Group and is best known for directing the feature films *Magdalen* (1998) and *A Chronicle of Corpses* (2001). He is currently at work on his third feature film *Flowers of Evil* and an "untitled video installation" suggested by Georges Bataille's *Story of the Eye*. You may email him at arm@armcinema25.com.

ERIK REX lives in Philadelphia. This is his first contribution to THE INDEPENDENT.

JARED ROSENBAUM lives in Philadelphia. This is his second piece for THE INDEPENDENT.

CLARK ROTH works at an insurance company, sings in a rock band, and is a regular contributor to THE INDEPENDENT.

NATHANIA RUBIN lives in town. This is her first time contributing to THE INDEPENDENT.

MOLLY RUSSAKOFF owns Molly's Café & Bookstore at 1010 S. 9th St. in the Italian Market. She edits *Joss*, a magazine of poetry and was a recipient of the Pew Fellowship for Poetry in 1995.

JEN SHIMONY edits a beer newsletter and writes on the subject for THE INDEPENDENT.

DON SILVER began his career in the 1980s in the music industry, first as Manager of A&R (Artists and Repertoire) for Arista Records and then as an entrepreneur, producing, managing and publishing songwriters and recording artists in New York. From 1984 to 1999, he worked in corporate America, eventually running a manufacturing company before quitting to become a consultant and full-time writer.

ALEXANDER SPENCER hangs out in the office and writes briefs and humorous shorts.

ALEXANDER SWARTWOUT assisted Henry William Brownejohns with the editing of THREE WEEKS.

BENJAMIN TIVEN is a photographer based in Philadelphia and has done all kinds of stuff for THE INDEPENDENT; hauling, hawking, priming newboxes, editing stories, you name it.

JACOB WEINSTEIN is Art Director of THE INDEPENDENT. He is slowly running out of excuses for the way this paper looks.

G.

I have been told to talk to You with my head down if I did not avert my eyes, You would not hear. Weird I thought, for the maker of heaven and earth to be so insecure

or to be living here, amidst the stink. Let me start again. I come in peace in a way being on the side of Life; I am a fan of your handiwork: the flowers, the flytraps, the burrowing frogs -

But this is not about that; it is about the demons. Does everyone have them all the time? Like viri or viruses which flare when the hope is low

or is their manner of attack more bacterial(?) Incapable of mere occupation, I guess it digests us laying waste attractions and attachment

with their propaganda campaigns. A moment while I mourn my blown bridges (sigh) I'm done.

What do the demons see in me? Me, a notoriously poor host. In my house we sleep on the floor and eat on the floor but we do not step on the floor as it is a sore spot.

Maybe they think I want company. I do not want any company of that kind.

After I dreamed the demon was taken out of me, tornadoes hit Tennessee; which is where the man who helps with demons lives. He said they wanted to get me.

But why? Am I so weak? Or am I bad? What if I can't love because of them? What if they are the only thing designed to love me?

You are responsible G. I am applying again for assistance. I believe my ground down teeth and busted stomach are acceptable indicators of my plight as they are listed in Column A of this application. Which is the fourth I have filled out by the way, and why is that? Have I been restricted to Hell?

Yes? So, that is the point? But You are still at the helm. This application is valid, yes? I have a right to know what is holding me up.

This is not a joke. Sure I may say it loud, indecorously before a room of strangers but that is part of my plan. After all, they may know something as to this; hitherto unconsidered by me.

G., I am tired of living in ignorance with voices and meaningful dreams after days where everything happened already. This is the expose that may put better minds than mine to these questions.

Thugs of the spirit world they are! And you, maybe the biggest crime boss of all, Taking care of the people in heaven with their better things to do, who will sacrifice actual blood for you; and think nothing of it.

Of course you own the system; you were the one who forced us into particular bodies initially. To play with. To infiltrate. To pay you back. It's called manipulation, by the way. Those who do it are Creeps.

Speaking mediocrally, I am on the wheel beneath your world the demons are inside me. The other people do not believe it; this is not their district.

You made it this way God, you stupid gangster. You'll get yours. I pray earnestly elsewhere for your takedown.

- ISH KLEIN
courtesy of Joss Magazine

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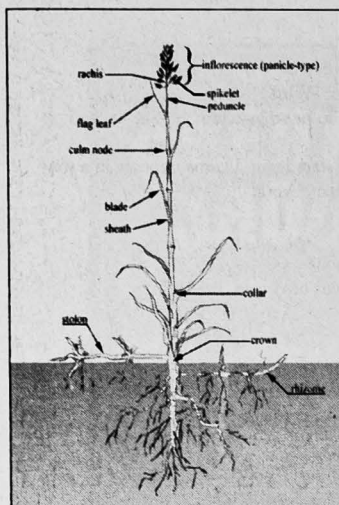
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Our expert critics of cultural items are itching, itching like crazy to put their greasy mits on your baby and set their nuanced and indisputably accurate interpretation of your work into print, along with a genealogical account of the work's origins and a few sentences of your thoughts on the matter. This process may seem a little invasive at first, but we've a fridge full of beer to ease your jitters. Of course there will be stuff that we won't be able to put across, but we can promise to amplify NEWS of your project 10,000 times over. Imagine, up to 20,000 eyes reading your name and thinking about you. 10 million—that would be crass, your image seized and transmitted beyond your control, twisted into an unrecognizable gargyle of celebrity but 10,000, I mean hey, that's attractive to even the most humble of egos. This newspaper will announce to the world the existence of your project and decode its import in great detail, using the most up-to-date academic theories set forth in sentences containing the maximum possible quantities of syllables, clauses, and pure, true thoughts. You'll soon find yourself transformed from a creepy weirdo who labors in solitude to the toast of friends and the envy of enemies, as a mention in THE INDEPENDENT has been proven by credible authorities to guarantee authoritative credibility for a no fewer than a handful of members of all major demographics in at least one media market.

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Thank you!

170 Years in Flames

Photos: RACHEL MACKOW



from ARSON, page 1

firefighters struggled to access the building's heavily damaged northern wing. The debris behind the building, in which the fire was reportedly started included styrofoam cups, beer bottles, and a stiff wet opossum. Fortunately, the fire claimed no human victims.

The building on the site at Grays Ferry was constructed by the federal government as a Navy home and hospital as well as the country's first Naval Academy, funded by a levy of twenty cents a month from all of the officers and men of the Navy and Marine Corps. On May 26, 1826, the Secretary of the Navy used \$16,000 from the fund to purchase 24 acres of land overlooking the Schuylkill River.

The Naval Academy building, known as Biddle Hall, was designed by William Strickland in neoclassical style. Strickland is known for his work on the Tennessee State House, the cupola of City Hall, and the design of the first US Mint. The two smaller buildings which once flanked Biddle Hall were designed by Strickland in 1844, and a hospital building, Laning Hall, was added behind Biddle in

eight-largest homebuilder in the country overall. In the last five years, Toll Brothers has more than doubled its revenues and more than tripled its earnings. Although Toll Brothers has a nationwide presence, the mid-Atlantic states are their largest market; about 32 percent of the \$2.3 billion in revenues Toll Brothers made last year came from the region, according to the company's annual report.

As part of the covenant that accompanied the purchase of the Naval Home, Toll Brothers agreed to maintain Biddle Hall and the other buildings on the property. Since then, they have several times proposed tearing down the historic buildings.

As early as 1983, Robert Toll described the company's plans to create "a suburban community with green space in Center City" to the *Inquirer*.

Toll Brothers made an official development proposal for the former Naval Home site in 1996, and several more subsequently. In their initial proposal, they hoped to build 1,200 apartments and condominiums in three high-rise and many low- and medium-rise buildings.

This past summer, the city's Department of

Despite the high price of their homes, Toll Brothers has been scrutinized by reports in the *Boston Globe* for the "numerous cases in which the company misled buyers, used second-grade materials, and took construction shortcuts," and the "numerous complaints that Toll sidesteps its responsibility to correct defects once it had the buyers' closing checks in hand," according to a May 2001 summary of the series by *Globe* reporters Walter V. Robinson and Michael Rezendes.

According to the Associated Press, Toll Brothers Chairman Robert Toll gave \$90,000 to Governor Ed Rendell's gubernatorial campaign and hosted parties for him in his Bucks County Home. An additional \$40,000 in contributions came from Toll Brothers executives. Toll Brothers also gave tens of thousands of dollars in soft money donations to the Democratic and Republican parties, according to OpenSecrets.org, a website run by the non-profit, non-partisan Center for Responsive Politics based in Washington, D.C.

Since the arson, the City has taken an aggressive position in favor of preserving the building. Solvibile of L&I said the building



1868. Laning Hall fell victim to neglect and extreme deterioration and was demolished in the mid 1980s.

The Naval Academy resided at Biddle Hall from 1828 to 1845, before moving to Annapolis. Its role as a military hospital then came to the forefront, and it became known as the Naval Asylum.

Just prior to the World War One, the Asylum became the site for a model sanitary nursing hospital that prefigured what we consider to be modern nursing. According to area resident Lisa Parsley, a nurse herself, "the modern hospital's medical/surgical floor owes its structure and ethics to the Naval Asylum on Grays Ferry."

Biddle Hall and its outlying buildings were listed on the Philadelphia Register of Historic Places as early as 1955, and on the National Register in 1971. In 1976, the Navy veterans who were the last official residents moved to Mississippi and the Naval Home was designated a National Historic Landmark.

Toll Brothers, developers of luxury housing, made the sole bid on the property when the US General Services Administration made the site available, after finding no willing takers among other federal agencies.

Toll Brothers bought the option to buy the building and the two outbuildings in 1982, outbidding the City of Philadelphia. The company took full title of the land in 1988 at a total cost of \$1.2 million. Toll Brothers is the largest national developer of luxury homes, and the

Licenses and Inspections cited Toll Brothers for "demolition by neglect."

In mid-December the buildings were cited for code violations. According to the *Inquirer*, L&I delayed taking Toll Brothers to court for these violations after Toll Brothers announced it would discuss development plans with political leaders.

Robert Solvibile, first deputy commissioner of L&I, recently insisted the violations went unpunished because the inspector in charge of the site became severely ill.

This isn't the first time Toll Brothers has faced allegations of neglect.

Residents have long complained that the site was inadequately patrolled, poorly lit, and became a gathering area for drug addicts, vagrants and youngsters looking for a thrill.

John Andrew Gallery, executive director of the Preservation Alliance, said in a Feb. 4 letter to Mayor John Street that, "Although no property owner can protect against the danger of a deliberately lit fire, Toll Brothers has been grossly negligent in its maintenance of this property...securing the buildings, and providing security on the site, could have discouraged people from entering the properties and might have prevented this incident." In a Feb. 7 letter to Grays Ferry neighbor Ann Hoskins-Brown, City Council President Anna Verna said "the property has been permitted to fall into a shameful state of neglect."

Toll Brothers did not respond to questions regarding the Naval Home for this article.

from HORSEPLAY, page 1

misuse—horseplay. One person, one transformation, one bad idea at a time.

Probably the best—the most lyrical, organic, and athletic response to urbanism—is skateboarding. It takes the everyday forms surrounding us—the curbs, steps, handrails, and newspaper dispensers — and turns them into something truly beautiful. Into backside heelflips and nose-blunt slides and daredevil leaps and near-sexual attraction to marble. Arthur Cravan said it best: "Genius is nothing more than an extraordinary manifestation of the body."

Of course, the Philadelphia politicians made their opinion of transformation crystal clear with their decision to render the international skate mecca Love Park basically unsuitable. And the ubiquity of skatestoppers on all downtown rails and marble is another giveaway that the Philly bigwigs have little appreciation for the democratic genius of our "useless wooden toys."

But no need to worry; where skateboarding fails, horseplay will triumph, along with an infinite litter of misuses that defy all interdiction—"Please, Turnstiles Are Not Toys"—"All Passengers Must Ride Inside Elevator"—

"Wheelchair Wars Punishable by Five Hundred Dollar Fine." I would actually enjoy watching them try to cork the flow of horseplay, making up rules as fast as we could break them. I want them to understand that, no matter how many warnings and video cameras they put up, we are still going to find ways to injure ourselves on their property.

But what do I mean by horseplay? I mean leaping chin-high fences in a single bound. Skiing down large marble staircases in the rain. Climbing around on pieces of multimillion-dollar

turn to HORSEPLAY, page 12

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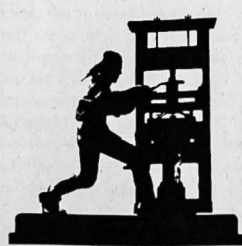
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Cut out this handy subscription form, or make a photocopy, if you wish to keep your edition pristine.

We hear Philadelphia touted often as a walking city. The river to river distance in Center City is only two miles - easily walkable for most adults in an hour or less. One would expect that with our surfeit of residential neighborhoods and nightlife options that the nation's third-largest downtown would be thronged with pedestrians at most hours. Yet whenever I mention to people that I walk two miles to work (from 24th and Poplar in Fairmount to 6th and Chestnut), and that my wife and I often walk several miles with our baby on weekend afternoons, you'd think we were covering marathon distance based on the astonished reactions. And when I take the sobering walk home from the Khyber to cleanse brain and body of a night of sledgehammer punk and club smoke I run into only one or two other pedestrians west of Broad Street at the midnight hour. Listen up, Philadelphians. Great cities are made by their rolling street life, and are held back by dependence on the car. So avail yourself of public transportation and the wheels that God gave you to get you where you want to go. The City abounds with architectural, civic, cultural and human riches - and detritus - waiting to be discovered, savored, rued, and reflected upon.

With our plumped up, post-holiday selves breaking all those bullshit New Year's resolutions about eating better, not smoking or drinking as much, and exercising more, focus on activating the body's dormant potential as a realistic way to challenge winter's sobering effect on the soul. It's enjoyable, and life-affirming to rouse our bodies to movement and exertion as routine than it is to starve oneself or jump on the latest diet bandwagon. So whether your pleasure be walking, biking, skateboarding or in-line, give up the rubber and hit the road. Add weight training to the regimen by doing some food-shopping at any point during your walk. Bring a few canvas bags, fill with comestibles from Reading Terminal, the Italian Market or any of the hundreds of local grocers you'll pass, grab a gallon of milk or juice from Wawa, and carry some additional weight to awaken your muscles to their intended purpose. Sounds silly? Not nearly as silly as a pathetic generation of American adults who wheel their briefcases around behind them each day as if they were schoolchildren.

So read up, shoe up, look up, and get moving. You'll soon be an ass-kicker, architectural historical buff who knows where the cheap groceries are.

Here's a four to five-mile walk around Fairmount and East Fairmount Park that I favor, along with a grocery recommendation.

Whether you're coming from Center City or already live in the neighborhood, stop at Klein's Grocery (in The Philadelphia apart-

Pedestrian Activities

*Hark, Citizen! The Thaw is upon us!
To the Streets!*

BY PATRICK LIEDTKA

ment building - enter near 24th and Fairmount). This friendly, family-run grocery is shoehorned into a space the size of a convenience store. Pass on the produce here but stock up on reasonably-priced meat, poultry, seafood, Jewish deli items, great challah bread, and dairy staples. And be patient you Type A's. The elderly clientele from the Philadelphia are slow on the carts, but rely on Klein's as their main market, so stop kvetching and make



A plan of Fairmount Park from 1850.

nice. Exit Klein's and continue west on Fairmount Avenue. Cross the street and walk north up 25th Street, glancing back to admire the Museum of Art, and the soon-to-be Museum annex, the art-deco Perelman Building (1928 - the former Reliance Standard Life Insurance Company). Take in 25th Street's mix of neighborhood restaurants, old-school pharmacies and Victorian rowhomes. Make a left on Poplar and follow west until you reach Fairmount Park. Spy Lemon Hill (1800) across the park as you take a right and walk up Sedgely Drive. Cross Girard Avenue and walk north as this road turns into 33rd Street. You'll cross a bridge over a wetter of railroad tracks.

From the bridge eyeball the gritty north and east view of abandoned factories, rail lines, and Brewerytown. Horses tethered in a dirt patch among the tracks jar one's expectations. Developer John Westrum plans to build 200 mid-priced townhouses where those ponies roam as an element of the Street Administration's Neighborhood Transformation Initiative. A slight turn southeast reminds you that Center City's momentum is creeping in this direction, as one's eye picks up the Inquirer Building at Broad and Callowhill,

City Hall, and the Museum of Art, all within reasonable walking distance. As you crest the hill after the bridge you may be surprised to come upon the house in which jazz giant John Coltrane lived from 1952-1958 (1511 N. 33rd Street). Cross the street at the traffic light and walk into East Park here on Reservoir Drive, passing the Park's driving range, and a disc golf course tucked into the Sedgely Woods. While you won't find any of the well-heeled, whale

pants set hitting a bucket here the spot is a nice alternative for city golfers who don't count on their grass being greener. Local collegians frequent the disc golf course and supply their own green as they while away a pleasant afternoon. The embarrassment of recreational riches continues, albeit for the five and under set, at Smith Memorial Playground (1899), complete with indoor and outdoor play areas, carousel, giant slide, and pool.

Follow the curve of the Drive another quarter-mile and the graceful, Georgian-style Mount Pleasant Mansion (1762-1765) comes into view across a swath of athletic fields. John Adams dined here before the Revolution, and Benedict Arnold owned the place briefly, so take a moment to marvel at our freedom to cycle, walk, jog, and play softball cheek by jowl with such historical ground. Remaining on Reservoir Drive and keeping the (unseen) reservoir on your right, you come to Ormiston (1798), another historic manor in a section of the Park that was created by knitting together former country estates. Wander onto the path that skirts the woods on the left side of Reservoir Drive, and allow the eye to drift down the deep ravine that leads to Kelly Drive and the Schuylkill. From this vantage point it's

not hard to wonder if there's a prettier municipal park in the country. Despite the reverie you're now treading both historical and more contemporary ground, as you've set foot on the Boxer's Trail, which Philly pugilist Smokin' Joe Frazier ran while training for heavyweight world title bouts in the 1970s. The Boxer's Trail is undergoing renovation at this time, and will soon be available to us all.

Keep the ravine on your left and track Randolph Drive around to Laurel Hill (1763), a brick mansion once owned by Dr. Phillip Syng Physick, the father of American surgery. The overload of history and green space may start to overwhelm you at this point. To conclude your Park tour, continue up Randolph Drive to the stop sign, then cross the intersection onto Diamond Street. At 33rd and Diamond (with the reservoir on your right), you can jump on the 32 bus to head back toward Center City, or just hang a head onto 33rd and walk a quarter-mile to return to where you entered the Park.

East Park's location as the western border of the now notorious Strawberry Mansion neighborhood means it's impossible to ignore the present-day difficulties confronting the residents who live closest to the Park. And even in what would seem the simple matter of using the Park, Philadelphia's racial divisions announce themselves. On Kelly Drive the weekend mobs of cars, in-line skaters, cyclists, and strollers vie for a few feet of riverfront real estate when the same river view and a healthy dose of serenity lay just a hundred feet above in East Park. But unless it's for a weeknight summer softball game with a lot of others from work, whitey doesn't play here, and it's a shame. While the Park is admittedly unkempt in places, and trash-filled and seedy in others, these flaws can't hide the grandeur of the natural landscape or the richness of the architecture and history one encounters. "In 1872" reads one historical source, "the park was used by some 750,000 pedestrians, nearly 400,000 vehicles, and 26,500 equestrians." If Philadelphians of all stripes use Fairmount Park in increasing numbers, and demonstrate our commitment to work and play together, we can demand that the city government and Fairmount Park Commission provide the resources to help us polish this scruffy jewel into the nation's finest municipal park. Our City's health depends on it.

SOURCES

Fairmount Park Commission website: <http://www.phila.gov/fairpark/>

Philadelphia: A 300-Year History, edited by Russell Weigley

The Dark One

It was a dream of someone else's childhood a long dream in a rumpled bed. Venetian slats wired to the branches of a cypress made a raucous tree. The drunken father reeling calling him crazy. "Dig a hole" he said and the good son obeyed and the father pointed to the fresh earth with a gun and ordered him in. So much pain. So much beauty. Little bitten ears and gutted fish and windows with ropes dangling with footstep sunken into the mud, disappearing and sadness and sadness as he disappeared on an airplane, coming to in a fluorescent room. By the beach in a sweets and soda shop, hangs a framed photo of three little bakers, starched and white linked like a train. They gleam. In time, the middle one will set fire to the little one. Lesions will appear on his chest and his feet will crack. In the dream I am speaking to him on the telephone. He is turning thirty three in the snow. I leave a sweater on my doorstep for him. I want nothing more than to have him. My voice is hard. My throat is full. I wake up and though I clench my eyes and knock hard and furious, sleep will not accept me back.

— MOLLY RUSSAKOFF

BRING BACK THE FRIED EGG MAN

Because this "Drug Money Funds Terror" thing Makes No Sense

BY CLARK ROTH

So the new anti-grass ads aren't great, but I get a certain kick out of 'em. I mean the ones where stoned teenagers get arrested and date-raped or run over girls on pink bicycles toward the single haunting question: "Marijuana... harmless?" Not to say we won't see a new Golden Age in the near future where anti-drug propaganda is concerned—God knows we're ripe for it—but will anyone ever top the conceptual tidiness and public impact

of the now-famous Fried Egg Man, "This is your brain on drugs," etc.? I also liked, back in the Eighties of course, they had a jeep and a stereo system and a yacht and other expensive things all trailing along and being sniffed up a giant nose. For being clear and direct and still basically unassuming, that's always been a personal favorite.

I currently love to hate the "Drug Money Funds Terror" campaign, with the two guys in the dimly lit restaurant. You can tell they're trying to hearken back to the simple authority of the whole fried egg business but with less convincing results. I hate the spokesman, the older white executive, the voice of success and prestige, because you know if his drugs of choice were made illegal—Maalox, bourbon, wife-swapping—he'd cry like a big fucking baby. At least the Fried Egg Man had some grit. He's frying an egg in his crappy little kitchen, the same kitchen that's probably seen his brain on drugs during wilder times, so you know he's not just blowing self-righteous smoke up your ass.

I hate that it's OK to attach the word "terrorist," however loosely, to people you don't like, the way "communist" was used in the last century. And since said white executive wants to take a look at the big picture and tell the whole truth all of a sudden, I hate that they don't double up with campaigns like "Gas Money Funds Oil Spills" and "Shoe Money Funds Unfair Labor Practices" and

"Detergents Scented Like the Rain Forest Don't Do the Forest Any Fucking Good, And They Don't Make You More 'Natural,' Either."

So in the interest of putting some money where my mouth is, I humbly submit my own anti-drug ad suggestions:

a) pan across party scene, college buddies shown dropping E, time elapses, college buddies shown making out in the bathroom ... harmless?

b) every conversation I've ever had with someone on coke; hey, and what if there was also a voice coming from the 'camera' to simulate for viewers the experience of themselves responding with really stupid, embarrassing shit?

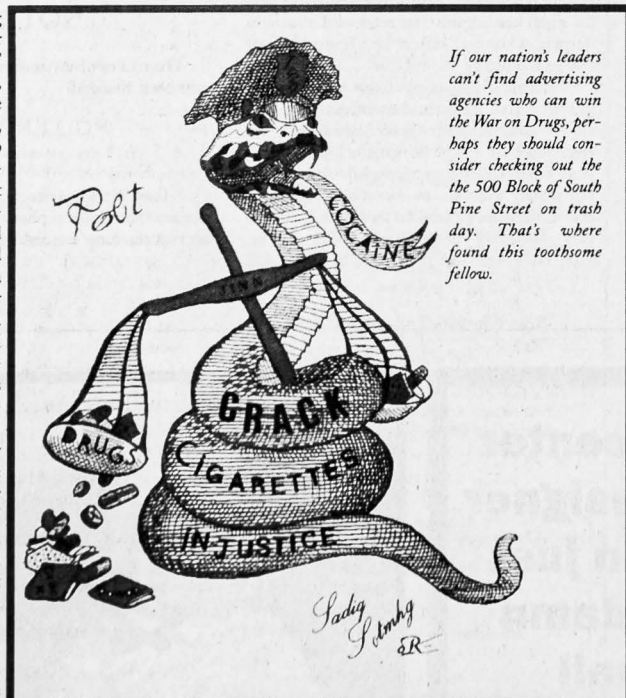
c) older white executive type in dimly lit restaurant confides to younger dinner companion, "If people with real talent weren't so busy getting jacked up all the time, I wouldn't be nearly the rich, meg-

lomaniacal bozo I am today."

And in the interest of balance, or in case we're subjected to a sudden regime change, I humbly submit my ideas for pro-drug commercials:

a) pan across surreal paradise: grassy knolls and warm waterfalls where pink and orange female monkeys stroke and fan visitors; voice over—"This is what it feels like to get high."

b) Justin Guarini
c) older white executive type and young upstart in fancy restaurant shown smoking a fattie; background slowly fades to crappy apartment, pair's clothes go casual; voice over—"Weed... Feel like a millionaire for a fraction of the cost."



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EACH CITY IS EVERY CITY



THE SKILLED TRADES

WORDS & IMAGES

BY RACHEL MACKOW

It rains everywhere up here, even under the El tracks. I'm on Front Street driving north, heading towards work, and, as usual, late. I'm on my way to one of my three jobs in the Northeast. This is the one that pays the bills, full time, 8:30 to 5:00, except when I leave early to teach three afternoons a week. I work at one of the few remaining manufacturing plants left here. Most of the factories and warehouses are abandoned, vacated, seldom converted.

It's a temp job. On my first day I park on the street next to a semi in front of a lot amongst a mosaic of broken glass. I walk to the corner and wonder, *where is this place?* I ask the owner of the tire joint across the street, and he points to the hulking factory behind me. A receiving dock runs the length of the building. He points again at a solitary, unmarked door, and says *that's the entrance*.

I head to the door, notice the tiny sign with the business' name and thank God I finally have a job.

The door has metal grating bolted to it. In the corner of the dim lobby sits a dusty fake plant in a basket. I walk into the second lobby area, which is wood paneled. The receptionist buzzes me into the office, shows me to my ancient desk, and I sit there for several months.

In the meantime, I have acquired a job as a teaching assistant in an after school arts program. I leave the factory at 2:45 on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. I roar down 2nd Street, late as usual, because a letter *had* to be typed or a fax *had* to get through to China immediately, which is nearly as improbable as digging my way to China. I make a right and cross over American, a formerly glorious industrial boulevard that ebbs into a narrow street at its source, Erie, and at its mouth, Girard. I pass the factories, the garden style apartments, the infirmary, and arrive at the oasis: The Rec Center.

As the new teacher, I am emerging from the testing phase. On the worst day I feel my

students would never respect, listen to or like me. The worst day is often the beginning of the next phase when affection, sincerity and vulnerability are no longer suspect. Now, there is comfort between us. Finally.

One afternoon we listen to the radio, a hip-hop and R&B station. The students' ears are highly attuned to: Cursing, Adult Whispering, and The Ad for Eminem's new movie. Abandoning his drawing, Samuel runs to the radio and turns it disconcertingly loud to listen to The Ad.

They love Eminem. They bring photos of him to class and diligently copy his unsmiling likeness into their sketchbooks. In these moments, I feel motherly and protective of my students and critical of superstars' bad behavior. Role models, we need role models out here. My students adore these villains and champions. Amidst conflicting arguments with myself, I ask: Who is a television to raise a child anyway?

Despite wanting to be liked and appreciated, I continue to yell and prod them to work on their projects. *Turn down the radio. Sit down. Be quiet. Don't go over there. Come here. Don't throw that. Stop. While insisting: That's a great drawing. Good job. Excellent. Draw LARGER. Great attention to detail.* They don't believe me.

They are disgusted with me, and their drawings. They want to stop. They have been in school for 6 hours already. It is not easy for them to hear: *Wonderful. Now start working on the shadows. How big is the tomato in comparison with the cylinder? Where is the bottle placed on the table? In front of or behind the gourd? Draw what you see. Spend as much time looking as drawing. Is that what you see? Let's look at this together...*

I drive up to the factory, ten minutes late as usual. I am far north of Northern Liberties' charm that lasts the length of an eye tic.

Nearly every day my elderly boss, Dave, asks if I can find a specific piece of paper in the ungodly, unfilled mass of his papers that spreads over four separate desks and innumerable

boxes, paper bags and shelves. I spend a half-hour to several-many hours searching through piles of papers that are two days to twenty years old. Cat fur from our office mascot, Mommy Cat, and aluminum dust from the factory covers the oldest stacks. I resolve to begin filing tomorrow. I try to be patient. My boss reminds me of my grandfather.

Several times a day Dave drags a chair like a corpse to one of our desks. The sound of a fifty-year-old office chair scraping across the brown, dusty, surely asbestos tile floor, is more foreboding than the Tell Tale Heart. I cringe. Is the chair coming my way? Yes, it is. Dave sits down; I notice his aftershave. He places the travel itinerary that I typed and copied for the office last week on my desk. He points at various lines, "Take this out." "Move this here." Next, he points to where I "had typed, 'Phone numbers' and listed the address and telephone of his hotel room. He says, "Replace this with, 'Quartered at,' yes, 'Quartered at.'" I sigh. He repeats his instructions and asks if I understand.

Upon returning from his trip, he drags the chair to my desk. "You know, Rachel, I have to tell you this because I know you want to move to New York sometime... you just can't eat at the best restaurants there. It's too expensive. I ordered a bowl of soup for ten dollars. Ten dollars. The waitress came over with cookies after the meal, and I asked her, 'Now how much will this cost? Ten dollars?' She laughed. I took a cookie anyway. She didn't charge me for the cookies."

I have a third job. On Saturday mornings I teach photography in a program for girls in Kensington. On the first day, we look at slides, discuss composition (the greatest hits: horizontal, vertical, symmetrical, asymmetrical, and so on), the parts of the camera and respect.

As an educator who works with "At Risk Youth" (another way of saying: kids in underfunded neighborhoods, homes and schools), I understand that danger is always a possibility. Before going out to photograph, I tell the girls: *If someone doesn't want their photograph taken, respect them. Don't take the picture. If someone is doing something bad, chances are they don't want you to take a photograph.* The girls are quick, they know who and what I am talking about.

Melanie is astute and direct, discerning. She finds magic in photographing the pigeons in the park. I say, "Now, chase them and take photos while they fly." We have a riot. A man sits feeding the pigeons, he speaks to us in garbled, quiet, old-man Spanish. He seems to want his portrait taken. Melanie lifts her camera, and he then slowly wags his finger, No.

She puts her camera down and with a large, spirited shrug says, "I respected him. He didn't want me to take his picture and I respected him." "Good, that's good, Melanie. Thank you."

I make a mental three-point shot for our team. We are gaining on the opposing gang who says, "Kids today are so bad. Kids in this city... Oh, you work with kids. I don't know how you do it." Watch out. We're coming from the sidelines.

The sea is always parted by the magical talisman:

On the walk back from the park, we pass Almas, sitting on her stoop with a group of friends. The possibility of a free camera coaxes her towards us and back to the rec center, where I show her the inner workings of a manual camera.

"Decent," she agreed as the shutter *clapped* open and shut slowly. I change the shutter speed, "KA-KA."

"I didn't see anything that time." "You know why? Because the shutter was set for 1/1000 of a second."

"That's decent." I show her the different aperture openings and begin to explain, "The camera is like an eye. The shutter is the eyelid..."

Suddenly, it is Monday morning again. I am ten minutes late. Again.

I am sitting at my desk; Mary runs outside. Seconds later she bangs on the office's one tiny frosted window. The only window that is not bricked up. The other three women in the office run outside while I wait inside to call the police if needed. On my tiptoes, I lean over the copier and peer out the window, wondering what is going on. "Rachel, it's your car. Come outside!"

Someone had just attempted to steal the battery from my car. He had my hood open. Mary, whose battery was stolen the days before, now chains her hood closed. The shipping guy helped me tie my down with rope. Absurd.

At lunchtime, I walk to the local eatery, Burger King. The most colorful thing is not the graffiti, but the poison ivy vines turning autumn colors. Umbrella corpses and glass mosaics lie in wait. The chain link fence bulges with the weight of vines, Virginia creepers, honeysuckle... You might imagine yourself in a

German Expressionist film. You are.

Across from Burger King is a granite monument that commemorates the first flight from New York to Philadelphia. The pilot landed here before there was a hospital and fence in his way. Outside the fence, a flower vendor peddles grave markers that mourn: Grandmother, Madre, and Father, but mostly Son.

One Saturday we take a drive north of Allegheny. At a stop light, the guy in the next car leans over, "We got some great rock and weed two blocks back." I laugh. Jared, my lover, who is driving, doesn't hear him and asks him to repeat himself. I laugh in disbelief at Jared. So the guy repeats himself. Jared replies, "Nah thanks." "Ok well then be careful up here." He laughs and drives away. His girlfriend sat in the passenger seat and never looked at us.

That I don't like to draw would be a shock to my students. Why would we force them to draw a still-life each day? One afternoon, we work on copying a Picasso line drawing while it is upside down. Lawrence, one of the older, cooler students, is frustrated. I come over and look at his blank page.

"I can't draw." "Can I show you something?" "Yeah."

I take his pencil, point at the canonized Picasso, "See these lines here?" I copy the parallel lines of the figure's pants leg.

"SEE! You can do it so much better than me!"

"But, I just drew two lines. I drew what I saw."

"SO!" Alberto usually pounds rhythmically on the table, and when asked to stop, slaps his forehead, and hollers, "HIYA!" with a karate chop. He is transfixed by the exercise. I hear nothing from him for two hours.

Daniel is alternately diligent and frustrated. He discards his pencil in outrage and puts his small head against the edge of the table in despair. Coaxing and encouraging do not release the furrow in his brow.

Nothing seems to soften this class of mostly boys. From nowhere, one student notices I am wearing a large gold locket with an engraved bird. I explain that my grandmother wore it often. Soon everyone is looking, and I ask if they want to see something funny. Of course they do. I open the locket and reveal a very goofy, very young picture of myself grinning on a rope swing. The kids squeal and

laugh. Suddenly we are equal. I'm human and soon they will ease up towards me.

Christa asks why my hair is straight now and pulls at my ponytail. She asks to see the locket again. I kid her, "You just want to laugh at me again!" She smiles.

Back to the factory. Ten minutes late. I think about how the aluminum dust may give me Alzheimer's disease. I remember how the air conditioning was broken during the hottest weeks of the summer. How I brought a towel to put over my ancient, sweaty, brown vinyl office chair. How the temp agency "visited" me to "see how everything was going." How the rep's blonde hair melted in the heat as we talked. How I am working in an absolutely draining, dead end job, again. *Generate the paperwork!*

Dave drags a chair over and asks me to take a digital photograph of one of our products and email it along with a carbon typed purchase order form to China, though that is impossible. He asks me to fax it all instead. Impossible. I must invoke several talismen to achieve his goal—internet, telephone, fax, email, ditto machine, shoe horn...

During photo class, I explain again that the camera is like an eye. "When you go to the doctor, does he or she shine a flashlight in your eyes?"

"YES!" "Do you know why?" "NO!"

"To make sure your brain is working."

My point that the iris is like a camera's aperture opening is drowned out in a chorus of: "Is my brain working?" "IS MINE?" "ME ME ME!" as I shine the flashlight one by one in their eyes, and exclaim, "YES! Your brain is working!"

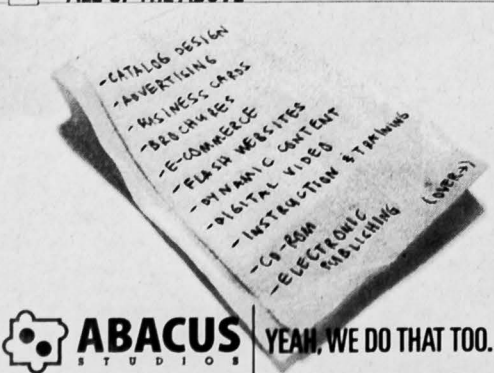
NOTE:

The names of my students and co-workers have been changed.

FOOTNOTE

¹ Tony Masso, photographer and professor, receives credit for this phrase and for giving me my first teaching internship.

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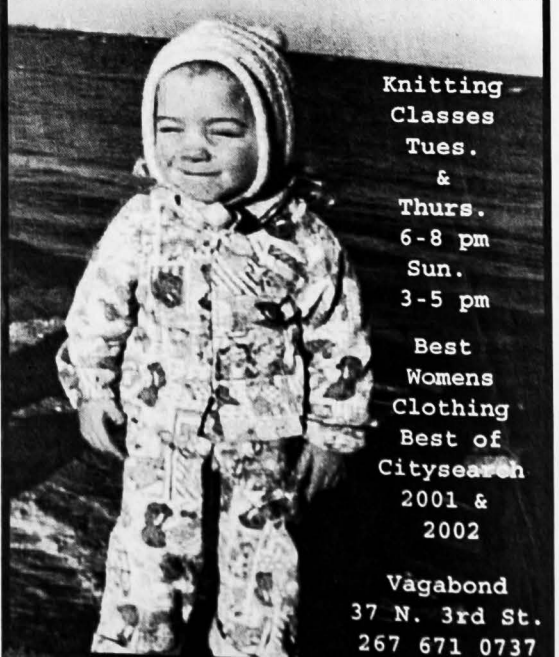
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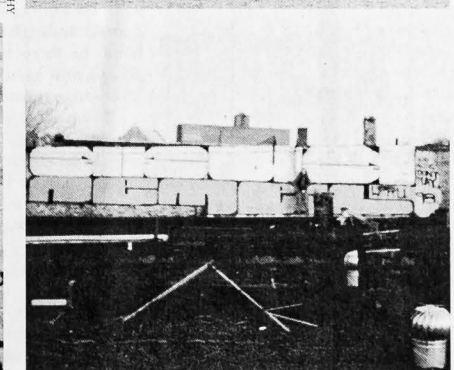
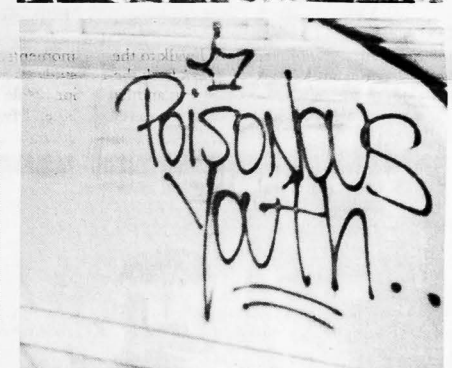
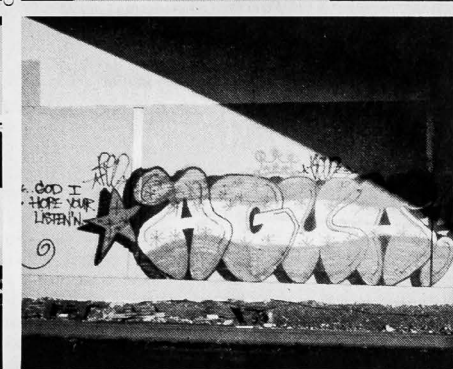
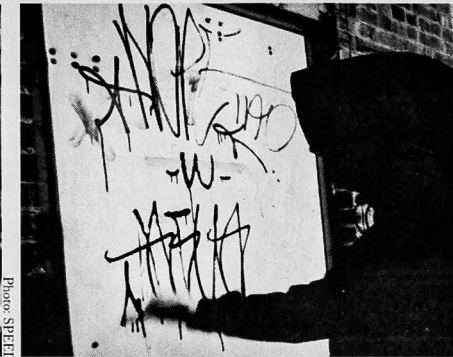


CURVED LINES TWISTING THROUGH THE STRAIGHT GRID

Agua

BY JIMMY MCCOOL

All photos courtesy of AGUA unless otherwise noted



steal your graffiti supplies? Does your mom know you write? How would you feel if someone wrote on your property?

C'mon, the answers to those questions are obvious. He lives in the now like any successful writer has to, and if you thought you were frustrated while you were cleaning his name off your property, wait until you hear his take on it.

"Everything I do is positive," he says. How could he see it any other way? Agua's world is made of things that graffiti has brought him: friends, rep, girls, work, and the resources he needs to survive.

I pick him up at his most recent address so he can tell me what's on his mind for right now. The rain dumps on to the abandoned blocks of North Philadelphia as we visit corners notorious to different graffiti crews. A&O to KMD, but we can't find anyone. The only ones out in the rain are the dope addicts and the dealers, leaving Agua plenty to talk about.

"I can't hate on them for selling dope. They know people wanna buy it so I can't knock them for selling it."

He explains his firsthand experiences of how he feels people who are heroin addicts are in a hopeless situation, whether they are in rehab, jail, or right back on the street. "Rehab might work for some people, but what about the people who just spend the rest of their lives on methadone? They're just sitting around waiting to die."

Ask him about prison and he'll tell you the same thing: "The system doesn't work!" It's something a lot of people have said, but Agua knows better than most. He was sent to prison for ten and a half months after his rap sheet caught up with him.

Although he says he met many interesting people and learned a lot in prison, he now views the system in the same light as the revolving door of drug addiction. He swears to me he's never going back to jail, even though an arrest at this point could set him back another sixteen months.

Since becoming a free man Agua has managed to land himself a free ride to a Philadelphia art school, thanks in part to his friend ESPO, a former

Philadelphia writer who now lives in New York City. Agua says he can't enroll until 2005 due to a drug charge. Thanks to an act of Congress in 2000, anyone convicted of drug charges automatically loses their eligibility for federal financial aid, anywhere from one year to indefinitely.

"What kind sense does that make?" Agua asks me, smiling as he says it, as though he expects the odds to be stacked against him.

By the time we get to talking about graffiti, it seems like such a trivial topic, with such obvious answers. I mean what kid in his position wouldn't want his name around every corner and on the tongue of all his peers, right?

When I asked him if he ever wished for a second that he didn't have to deal with all the responsibilities and stresses of being Agua, he looks at me like I'm crazy. "I've met so many wild people, seen so many crazy things, and been to so many places 'cause of graffiti. I wouldn't trade that for anything."

When it comes to other writers, he tells me he respects those who respect him, even if he has to occasionally "smack the respect into them. Most writers I meet are cool with me. I meet them and it's cool. They just fall in behind me." Agua's leadership skills have always provided him with a great supporting cast allowing him to put a lot of hard, responsible work into building his name, a name that the police have never put with his face.

Agua's work is not so much concerned with beauty as the aesthetics of placement, damage, and the occupation of space. Like the names that appear on the deeds of many Philadelphia properties, Agua aims to aggressively seize and mark as much territory as possible, not beautifully it.

To him, the ends of life are fairly simple. "I just want a beautiful wife, and one of those big houses on Delancey Place, like in *Trading Places* with the big-ass book cases and all that."

Since

he was twelve years old, Agua has written his name thousands of times throughout Philadelphia, amazing his fans and terrorizing his enemies as one of the city's most daring and prolific graffiti writers. Now he's twenty, he lives at home, he wakes up early, he's currently trying to survive a tightrope walk from jail to art school, and he doesn't understand why "those downtown people" want an interview from him.

So what do you ask someone who is confident and crazy enough to take the blame for being Agua? Do you



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ROBERT WALDMAN

a philadelphia flaneur

BY ERIK BADER



The street becomes a dwelling for the flaneur; he is as much at home among the façades of houses as a citizen is in his four walls. To him the shiny, enameled signs of businesses are at least as good a wall ornament as an oil painting is to the bourgeois in his salon. The walls are the desk against which he presses his notebooks; news-stands are his libraries and the terraces of cafés are the balconies from which he looks down on his household after his work is done.

— WALTER BENJAMIN, 1938

Cities, from the days of Sumeria to the bays of San Francisco, have always acted as containers: of ideas, of goods, of the newest developments, and most importantly, of people. Our own city, our current shaky civic situation, can't seem to contain anyone. I-95 became a Berlin Wall separating the citizens from their river, 676 slashed a huge vein of concrete cancer through Fairmount park, and hither, thither, and yonder, our population is fleeing in droves. The expedients have become the exits. But if our city can't seem to contain its citizens, perhaps a kernel of hope still lies, glowing like the dying embers of a once great fire but only waiting to be fanned to rekindle that old and mighty flame, in someone like Robert Waldman, a man who can't seem to contain his enthusiasm for cities.

"Cities: My passion, my obsession," as he puts it.

Seated in a café in Center City on a bright but bitter-cold afternoon, Robert Waldman, dressed like a college professor (who maybe practiced a little poetry on the side), with a brown scarf around a blue sweater over a button-up shirt, green pants and dress shoes, sipped his coffee and talked about cities. I was late for the interview and showed up out of breath and apologetic.

"Think nothing of it," he said, "I've read most of the *Times* and of course...the coffee." Fresh cups of coffee and a sunny seat by the window, we got right down to it. I asked him how his obsession began, with exploration, with urban discovery.

Curiosity came to Waldman at an early age. He took his first "walking tour" at the age of four, slipping out of the house while his mother was "kibitzing on the phone" with his aunt. He got hopelessly lost, marveled at the homes, and after finally finding his way home, he threw himself down on the couch and silently mouthed the words *Thank God*. His mother was still on the phone.

"I remember when I was five or six I'd ask my parents if Manayunk was a separate city. Is it a separate community, or is it a neighborhood, a part of Philadelphia? I never got a direct answer. I thought it was amazing—how could one entity have sections in it that had other names?"

A continual delight in conversation with Waldman is his knowledge of statistics and textbook-perfect descriptions. "My parents bought a business with my mother's brother-in-law's cousin who had a shoe store out in West Chester, when Chester County was truly rural. I mean the county had one 170,000 in the mid-50's as opposed to 450,000. When small-town America ruled the roost. When a town of 16,000 had a movie theatre seating 1,700. Movies were a very, very important part of my development. And there were thirteen shoe stores and seven department stores and Five and Dimes, in a town or small city by definition of 16,000."

His self-education continued. As early as the seventh grade he began taking day trips into the city, alone. From his father he would extract stories of the old West Philadelphia of the 1920s. "I got a hold of my father's John Wanamaker almanac, evidently Wanamaker in the '20s produced almanacs... and my father wrote a whole year, 1927, when he was in eighth grade, and he wrote it in pencil, it's still legible, and if it were turned into a book it would be a study of lower middle class Jewish life in what was one of the most potent and important Jewish communities in American history, West Philadelphia, between Market and Baltimore Avenues. And he would talk about sneaking on the El and going to Horn & Hardart and getting two bran muffins for a nickel."

The hyper-imaginative and excited young Waldman would convince his parents to take him on tours of the city, neighborhoods they had never even seen themselves. "I had an intellectual understanding of the city before I had much of an experiential...I studied maps, in fact I started drawing maps of Philly from memory when I was in seventh or eighth grade, usually in geometry class, and my teacher would bitch to my mother, 'Your son is drawing maps of Philly in class!'"

His favorite kind of tour is the simplest: A straight line from point A to point B. "The three longest avenues in the city, Frankford Avenue, Germantown Avenue¹, Ridge Avenue, for example. When I was sixteen I walked the length of Broad Street from the Navy Yard at Cheltenham Avenue. I walked the length of Roosevelt Boulevard, which is 12.3 miles, the longest street in the city, half a mile longer than Broad Street. I walked the length of Broadway when I went to NYU in the mid-'70s from the Battery to the Bronx/Yonkers line, 263rd street. In the spring of 1975, it was the longest walk I've ever done in my life, 28 miles, from southwest Brooklyn to northeast Queens, which is the longest stretch you can go within the city of New York without crossing a body of water."

After obtaining a graduate degree in City Planning from New York University, Waldman began working as cab driver in New York to feed his nearly compulsive digestion of the city.

"In 1984 I said to myself, Rob, you pride yourself on your knowledge of the city, do something that no one has ever done. I started a process of exploring every single block within the city of Philadelphia, give or take 2,500 blocks, whether they were architecturally significant or not, blocks in the far Northeast where you're running into cul de sacs, et cetera. Then every block in East and West Mount Airy and Chestnut Hill, where virtually every block is worth seeing. So how do you know when you've finished a block? Well you have a detailed map and when you finish a block you ink it in. Therefore you know you're done."

"I didn't finish all of it. I've done maybe 30 percent of the city. I know I've walked every single block and alley in Center City proper, from South to Vine Street."

In the spring of 1987 he took the longest train ride in the world—the Red Arrow Express, from northwest Europe to southeast Asia, from the coast of the Netherlands to Hong Kong, a little over 7,000 miles. He took no notebook and didn't utter a single word into a tape recorder. But he did take 2,000 slides. Embarking on the trip, Waldman had no interest in documenting it besides the slides. But time went on and he began finding himself jumping out of bed at three in the morning, writing things down, seemingly under the control of other forces. Creative forces. The final typed manuscript to *A Train of Thought* came to 460 pages.

"I sat down one day in September of '89. I told myself 'I'm going to finish this, because if I don't I'll never forgive myself.' It was agonizing. It almost put me into a mental hospital. I lived like a monk and a misanthrope for fifteen months, with fulltime jobs, and I wrote it longhand, and because of the obsessive-compulsive components of me, I couldn't go on to the next part until I fine tuned everything I wrote; then I could move on. Meanwhile I did research on languages, food—I had to get it right."

"There was one point where I fished around for three days for the proper verb or adjective, one word. Because when you're describing landscapes, how many times can you use the word green? Or brown?"

The book is ambitious, dense, fascinating, erudite, and often marvelously poetic². But it was never published. "Unless you're doing

something that's putting your life in danger, like going to Afghanistan, or walking across the world, it's hard to get people interested in travel writing. I did get a glowing letter of rejection from Simon & Schuster."

Barely discouraged and ever indefatigable, Waldman pushes on. He considers his latest project to be possibly the most amazing thing he's ever done in urban exploration: walking every single block on every numbered street in Manhattan from 1st to 96th street, river to river. "Nobody walks the blocks, people walk the Avenues. And if you don't walk the numbered streets, you haven't seen Manhattan. It's the private Manhattan. It's the serendipitous Manhattan. It's the New York of surprise."

He also has toyed with the idea of writing the "definitive book on the Philadelphia row-house," one which has never been written, a guidebook on Philadelphia that focuses on the "unknown" neighborhoods, as well as a photo book on New York that would be "unlike any other."

And what else? During my interviews with Waldman I inadvertently amassed enough information to write what could be a fairly long biography, and I've found it nigh impossible to catalogue the practically encyclopedic amount of rich knowledge that he shared with me. From detailed descriptions of riding the Jerome Avenue elevated line in the Bronx, to Prague ("the great Northern European museum of Gothic, Renaissance, Baroque, neo-classical, Italian pastels"), Paris ("The philosopher's urban aesthetic. In Paris you get a feeling that down any given inconsequential street somebody of world importance, lived, died, made love, wrote, or composed something"), Center City ("Where else in the world do you find Manhattan-scale office towers, literally around the corner from residential streets that are six feet wide with houses Lilliputian in comparison?"), the neighborhood business districts of New York ("It's the last place in America where people go to the butcher the baker and the candlestick maker to do their shopping"), geography ("How one whereness fits into another whereness"), history ("The mass movement of peoples and power across geography through time"), music ("According to National Geographic there are 15,000 cultures in the world, and virtually every culture has a music, many cultures have five to fifteen genres of music. There are tens of thousands of musics in the world³"), northwest Philadelphia ("I think is one of the great continuous urban gems of America, and one of the reasons is the stone houses. There are no detached houses in America, buildings of the upper classes, that are richer-looking than the stone houses in Philadelphia, by the simple fact that they're stone, and one reason that they're stone is all the quarries around Philadelphia"), Forest Hill Gardens ("It's Shakespeare's England"), Staten Island ("You take city busses through forest and meadows and neighborhoods that still look like villages, and you're in the city of New York. I've even seen wild pheasant"), his dream job ("My dream job is to take developers, real estate interests, and academia, on tours of New York and Philly, and my fantasy is an eight day marathon, by car, of every neighborhood in the city of New York. To do a thousand Hassidic neighborhoods in Brooklyn, well, we would have to do that on foot"), Fishtown

and Kensington ("Up until two generations ago you could still hear Cockney in the streets"), food ("I once spent a whole day in New York just studying restaurant menus"), film ("A hundred films a year in the theatre"), Moscow ("It seems like every other building in Moscow is the size of Macy's Herald Square, it's almost a metaphor for the size of the Soviet Union"), Hong Kong ("It's Manhattan on speed"), Spruce and Pine Streets ("Waking river to river, you're walking almost in chronological order through two centuries of vernacular residential architecture, through the true Colonial through the turn of the 20th century"), Broadway ("My favorite street in the world. You're going through a dozen neighborhoods or districts that are so world-renowned it almost seems contrived"), East Falls ("a study where social stratification mirrors topography"), Flushing ("Four hundred restaurants and the single busiest public library branch in the United States"), Philadelphia's Chinatown ("If you want something as esoteric as pig blood jelly, you can find it there"), Broad Street ("How many big cities in the world have a main street that's so much a *main street*?"), East Germantown ("the undiscovered part of the city. There's one part in the city that no one knows about, the part of East Germantown that's like being back in Hawthorne's America, with Mansard Italian-named buildings that still sit on five or ten acres of ground") and so much, much more⁴.

This guy's head is so serious, exploding with metropolitan enlightenment a virtual volcano overflowing with magnum opus, that you have to wonder just why the heck is he working a humdrum humble job doing marketing and fundraising at the Walnut Street Theatre? Could it be that he's some sort of twenty-first century Quixote throwing his sword at the impossible windmills of total knowledge saturation, a new form of paranoid cabin-dweller stockpiling the canned goods of trivia for the future Fallout that will never come? I'm going to have to reply defiantly in the negative. No, me, Waldman is the walking incarnation of the perfect citizen, a man historically living in the present future. And though his milieu is metropolitan, I'm apt to say he's much more appropriately cosmopolitan, as Diogenes put it: "a citizen of the world." When I last saw him, to snap the above photo, we exchanged parting handshakes and glancing at my watch I realized I had two hours left before work. "Two hours?" he said, grinning like kid, "a perfect amount of time. More than enough time to take your car and go see a new neighborhood, one you've never seen." He was still smiling when I walked off towards my car, in that way you'd smile when playing someone your favorite record for the first time. Because with the joy of discovery comes the subsequent joy of sharing.

As for the future, whether his dream comes true and he finds himself giving professional tours of our own city or the boroughs of New York (which he always gives for free to his friends), or giving lectures to city planners, or writing the great guidebook on our town that has yet to be written... nonetheless he will always spend his free time in the only perfect way he knows: alive in the streets, of this city or any city, traipsing along as born flaneur and forever that wide-eyed kid slipping out the door and sneaking out of the house for the first time, throwing the illumination of his flashlight onto that dark unknown and making it, once and for all, known.

FOOTNOTES

¹ On Germantown Avenue: "I think it sets a record for going through the greatest contrasts, of any street within city limits, in America...going from abominable neighborhoods, to Chestnut Hill, which is so unabashedly old-moneyed Philadelphia."

² Beginning next issue, THE INDEPENDENT will be publishing excerpts from Waldman's manuscript.

³ We also talked at length about the experimental composers John Zorn, Philip Glass, and John Cage.

⁴ Phew!



A PAGE A DAY, A BOOK A YEAR

SHOOTING UNDER FIRE: THE WORLD OF THE COMBAT PHOTOGRAPHER

By Peter Howe
New York: Artisan, 2002

review
BY RACHEL MACKOW

I have a fascination with Death and photography. Images of Violent Death and Dying are taboo, forbidden, vulnerable, strange. They are disturbing and peculiar. Strict portraiture, both casual and informal, often relies on the platitudes of flattery, pomposity, trickery, and recognizable symbols of status. To say war photography transcends these characteristics is a lie, but at its best combat photography surpasses banality simply through its representation of suffering. Unlike a mild smile, grief and physical pain leap off the page into the mind and gut. Wartime images are visceral, and can also be intellectual and poetic. We remember: I read about this in school. I saw this in the news. I didn't think it looked this way.

Images of war have always been censored by government administrations, especially after Vietnam. Soldiers in World War One were threatened with death by firing squad for taking photos. In the photo of the raising of the Soviet flag over Berlin, Moscow blotted out one soldier's extra wristwatches ("clear evidence of looting"). And as we recall, most widely publicized images of the first U.S. invasion of Iraq were at night, showing only phosphorescent missile trails and distant explosions. War through the official lens is something like a GI Joe cartoon: no one is hurt, certainly not the good guys. If we've been paying attention to media coverage in the past thirty years, we are lucky to see the reality of live combat at all.

Shooting Under Fire, a collection of the work of ten living combat photographers, heads straight to the center of Afghanistan, Haiti, Vietnam, Panama, El Salvador, Biafra, World Trade Center, Iraq, Bosnia, Israel, and Palestine. The collection contains some of the most compelling recent images of conflict.

After a brief history of combat photography, editor Peter Howe quickly gives his book over to the photographers themselves. The strength of this collection, lies not just in the incredible range and caliber of images, but also in extensive commentary from the photographers. Each photographer reveals motivations, regrets, fears, heroism, and injury both physical and psychological.

Christopher Morris' (b. 1948, USA) photo series on Yugoslavia is one of the most powerful of the book. Gentle grandfatherly hands hold a wailing boy whose father has been killed; like twins, their faces contort with

familial grief. A pensive man looks away. In his arms he carries a young woman, her hair flies forward and her mouth parts, revealing her slightly crooked teeth. Five children in colorful snowsuits lie on a morgue floor on military stretchers. "There was a boy next to her—I think it was her brother," Morris writes. "His face had been blown off, and they had put it back on in the morgue, only upside down...I remembered Clinton saying there was no humanitarian crisis...I called my editors at Time magazine that night, screaming at them to call the White House...they told me it was time to get out. They realized that I had lost it..."

The struggle of the documentary photographer is to create meaningful work while under duress. The photographers in *Shooting Under Fire* consider how they are able to do so. Adrenaline is one answer. Necessity. Drive. Competitiveness. Compassion. Yet, what do their images reveal? Is photographing intervention enough? On photographing a young Muslim prisoner in Bosnia, Ron Haviv writes, "he looked me straight in the eyes, pleading for help, but there was absolutely nothing I could do except photograph him." After approaching the commander on the man's behalf and taking



Sarajevo 1991

Photograph Chris Morris

a photo he shouldn't have, Haviv fled, now a target himself.

By presenting contemporary images, this book allows no denial. POWs in Bosnia in the 1990s look like Jews in Dachau in the 1940s. The only difference is color film. Grozny in 1996 could be Warsaw in 1945. Beyond these dualities are complex political and social meanings. Demolished high rise apartments in Beirut expose the Israeli State's indiscriminate aggression against Palestinian civilians. A GI cradles a wounded Vietcong soldier's head as another GI offers his canteen. A middle class Nicaraguan couple brings food to rebels at the front. There's a cyclical timeline that is ceaseless. Technology advances to rip bigger holes in buildings and people and medicine advances to patch them up. But, culture advances also. Somehow, within and without empathy grows.

The most poignant passage is by Catherine Leroy (b. 1944, France). She recalls, "I have a memory as a little girl of my father listening to the fall of Dien Bien Phu and crying." Only 21 when she traveled to Vietnam, she writes of the contradictions of antiwar beliefs, and an

unavoidable, deep brotherhood with the soldiers.

My own interest in war photography has similar origins. At age 22 my father joined the Marines and went to Vietnam. I've seen only my father's photos of Vietnam that are on base or from a helicopter. Rice paddies, fields, mountains: if they weren't so faded and so full of ghosts, I might imagine that they were tourist snapshots. I have a difficult time reconciling the image of my father with a 22 year old Marine who witnessed death and participated in combat. It's not even reconciliation... the link does not exist nor will it ever be forged.

Disconnect is a reasonable response to the horrors of war. The reality of the photographic image strips off protective layers. Photographs can be more persuasive and immediate than the written word. However, there is a danger implicit in that photographs can be modified and recontextualized. In publication, Nick Ur's apocalyptic photo of Vietnamese children fleeing an agonizing napalm attack is often cropped, as it is in *Shooting Under Fire*. Several GIs trail behind the children. The more rarely published version includes a GI casually lighting a cigarette in the photo's extreme right. We might ask, What else is missing? or, Why is this missing?

A photographer's answer is that it is sometimes painful but essential to get closer. The message is not the ironic or callous lighting of a cigarette (perhaps the only available remedy to anxiety). Instead, priority is shifted to the children and the horror of "collateral damage". Bearing witness is the camera's strength: film steals an isolated moment of history and represents it. A photograph's context and meaning are fluid, as is history. We can turn to the historians and witnesses and ask, What did happen? How did it feel? *Shooting Under Fire* is a critical part of the answer.

RECOMMENDED READING:

Nick Yapp, *Camera in Conflict*, 1996.

A good companion to *Shooting Under Fire*. Though less beautiful, it is full of photos and historical background. Trilingual.

Stephen Mayes, *This Critical Mirror*, 1995. Forty years of World Press Photo Foundations' imagery with editorial comments. Renowned members of the press photo community select and discuss images of personal and historical consequence.

Maja Razović and Aleksandra Wagner (eds.), *Sarajevo Survival Guide*, 1993.

If you don't already feel like a vulturous voyeur, consider this humorous insider's travel guide to all things Sarajevo: fashion, architecture, sniping, food, entertainment, funerals, news, etc.

George Orwell, *Homage to Catalonia*, 1938. A very articulate and sensitive first hand memoir of the Spanish Revolution.



sonal attacks on such venerated Philadelphia institutions as the Wooden Shoe, Space 1026, the 700 Club, Gianna's Grille, Ladyfest, and even this very newspaper.

One doodle shows a cat walking in the foreground and a giant bird flying up above. The bird is roughly twice the size of the cat and the bird's organ is twice the size of the bird's body. A crooked line of words that must surely be intended as a caption reads, "The great penis caw bird sets its sights on the unsuspecting prey..." Next frame: "...and attacks..." Now the caw bird and cat are of equal size. The scowling bird is screaming "CAW" and his organ is mostly within the cat. The end of the bird's organ peeks through the cat's mouth. The same issue contains cartoons in which two police officers commit the sin of Onan, a pirate displays a prophylactic on his hand, and a person plays what appears to be his own organ as if it were a guitar and sings, "While my guitar gently weeps."

Ten years ago, it would have been easy to dismiss the hundreds of pages that pour out of Moustache's West Philadelphia home as a waste of time, energy, and misappropriated office supplies. Today, it's surprising that some enterprising gallery owner hasn't cobbled a frame around *Assifcado* and tried to pass its self-conscious primitivism off as fine art. There is a kind of relief to sit in a dark bar and flip through *Assifcado*'s attempts to push the boundaries of good taste even further without setting itself up as a high cult of perfected and advanced obscenity. Instead, *Assifcado* sidles up to you, throws a smelly arm over your shoulder, and proceeds to loudly recite a series of very dirty jokes.

weekly newsletter of the west Philly (sic) scene. We try very hard to incorporate all possible perspectives from our diverse neighborhoods. If we are to respect the first amendment truly and wholly (sic), we must let even our Nazi brethren (sic), have their time on the box." But while the issue begins with this affirmation of our basic First Amendment rights, the rest shows how they can be abused in the hands of immature youth.

The whole thing looks like it was thrown together by six or seven drunk kids in a single night sitting around a kitchen table. And it was, according to one "Richard Moustache," whose six-and-a-half foot figure is crowned with fifteen mangy dreadlocks tied back as neatly as possible and covered with a tattered blue hood.



"We've all done serious art before," says Moustache, referring to the rotating pool of six or so *Assifcado* contributors. "We've had art shows and stuff, and no one ever comes. No one wants to recognize they suck."

Moustache is not his real name. "You can call me Ian," Moustache said to his interviewer. "The only reason I have a fake name is because I don't want anyone to credit me with anything. But I'm not afraid of people recognizing who I am."

It's easy to understand why no one would want credit for this pamphlet. Each issue contains at least eighty crude renderings of the male sex organ, dozen of references to the exploitation of children, and blasphemous depictions of the Judeo-Christian god; sometimes all at once. *Assifcado* also goes out of its way to make unwarranted, malicious and per-

ASSIFICADO #6

By New Planet
Philadelphia: Self-Published, 2003

review
BY HENRY FLOSS

Assifcado is an irregularly published booklet of photocopied drawings, sometime bound with staples, sometimes collated into a stack and folded in half. Sometimes there is a fold-out poster in the middle. The drawings—though most could be better described as doodles—depict popular culture icons, cartoonish characters, and "left wing fascists" who may be guilty of personally slighting one of the booklet's creators. These figures are engaged in all manner of distasteful and vulgar activities; venery, sodomy, et cetera.

The pamphlet often appears at art openings, musical concerts, and parties, handed out by agents who are reluctant to disclose their precise relationship to the publication. The booklets have been seen at book and record stores where reluctant clerks will grudgingly accept about half a dozen copies and deposit them in an inconspicuous corner. By the time an actual reader gets around to flipping through the booklet, the agent has long fled the scene.

Assifcado #6 opens with a sort of "mission statement." It reads in part: "Assifcado is a



at the Walt Whitman Arts Center Poetry

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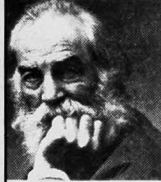
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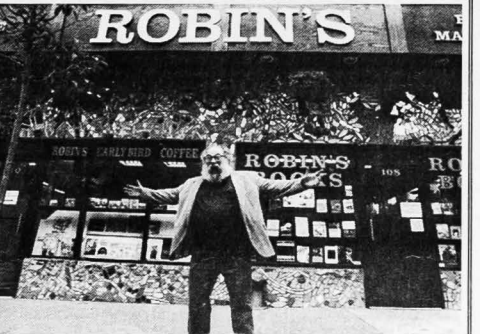
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Friday March 14, 7 PM - Readings

Many Mountains Moving is a non-profit organization that offers a monthly literary salon, panels, and a nationally distributed literary journal based in Boulder, Colorado. There will be readings from the journal and the editors will be accepting submissions. To find more about Many Mountains Moving, please go to their web-site: <http://www.mnuminc.org>.

Sunday March 16, 2 PM - Readings

A Fierce Brightness: Twenty-Five Years of Women's Poetry by Margarita Donnelly (Editor), Beverly McFarland (Editor), Micki Reaman (Editor), Hilda Raz (Introduction), Carole Simmons Oles (Introduction) (\$14.95, Caybe)

Twenty-five years of prize-winning poetry selected from CALYX Journal. This outstanding collection presents a diversity of poets who illuminate a poetic tradition in women's literature that was submerged during much of the 20th-century. Here women's voices pierce that obscurity with a fierce and dazzling brightness that is expansive, fertile, joyous, and powerful. Included among the more than 50 poets are: Julia Alvarez, Anna Akhmatova, Olga Broumas, Chitra Divakaruni, Marilyn Hacker, Barbara Kingsolver, Sharon Olds, Molly Peacock, Eleanor Wilner, Wislawa Szymborska, and Elizabeth Woody.

Tuesday March 18, 7:30 PM - Jazz

Harrison Ridley Jr. Presents A History of Jazz in Ten Sessions

Session Three - Blues & Gospel
Civil War to the turn of the Century, The New Testament, Use of the Banjo, a West African instrument & the introduction of Strings, The Railroad & Migration to the North, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Founding of Liberia, Harrison Ridley Jr. is one of Philadelphia's preeminent Jazz and African-American History historians, who used his records not only for personal enjoyment, but also as research tools in his history courses at Temple University and on the air. He has a Sunday night program on Temple U's WRTI (90.1FM), The Historical Approach to the Positive Music, which is celebrating its 27th year. Harrison is currently two-thirds of the way finished with a book on the massive history of Jazz in Philadelphia, and he is also working on an Ellington book. Tuesday March 18, 7PM - Fiction
Yanier Moore author of *Triple Take* (\$12.95, Random)

Moore has created a tough, street-smart character who is intelligent, dangerous, and willing to use explosive violence to achieve his aim. When Jonathan "JC" Cole is released from prison, he is determined to get revenge on the three men he committed a robbery with 10 years ago. This engrossing story takes the reader on an adventure through the hard-knocks life of Chicago's underworld. "Triple Take" explodes off the page—a blood-soaked, guns-blazing literary assault on the senses. In *Triple Take*, novelist Y. Blak Moore proves himself the reincarnation of Donald Goines. In the years to come, this literary prodigy may just prove himself the voice of his generation." David Isay, public-radio producer and co-author of *Our America: Life and Death on the South Side of Chicago*
Yanier "Blak" Moore is a poet, social worker, and former gang member who grew up in the Chicago housing projects. He has three children and lives in Chicago. This is his first novel.

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from MIKEY, page 1

older, and Vincent Price again and again, all sorts of Vincent Prices—manifest a child's gleeful and obsessive imagination. He carries hundreds of these "marker paintings" around with him in a well-worn folder. Each is clearly labeled in black lettering, although the titles are usually misspelled. As you flip through, he'll read the titles for you aloud: "A Cat Smoking a Cigarette," "This is the Devil in Hell," "This Rayvan Vincent Price," "This is Disco Vincent Price."

Like much so-called 'outsider' or 'naïve art,' Mikey's drawings lack technical skill but



burst with idiosyncratic vision. Arms grotesquely out of proportion stick out of the shoulders of Vincent Price. His are the drawings you used to make before you realized that people have muscles and bones. But these are punk rock paintings, full of energy and color, and like the songs he used to sing, not at all afraid to be just a little crude. You should see the "Pope Boxing Jesus Christ" pencil series, currently in the private collection of Jaci Webster, co-owner of the Philadelphia Record Exchange and one of Mikey's biggest supporters. There is, throughout his work, a complete disregard for politeness, for anatomical correctness and proper scale, but it is funny to see these huge famous heads waving their stumpy arms, practically coming off the page at you.

The artists he idolizes are weirdo rebels

who created their own kind of art. Not surprisingly, Mikey speaks with great admiration about a Picasso painting he's seen where "people's noses didn't fit right." He also admires Salvador Dalí, because he is "scary with his mustache."

Mikey is not goth but he sure loves scary shit. "Scary" is just about his favorite word and he uses it with shiftily-eyed glee in almost every sentence. He loves the Twilight Zone, the Outer Limits, books about monsters, and all kinds of horror films, which explains all the Vincent Price. When I asked him about his childhood, Mikey told me about two of his early person milestones: the Beatles in 1964,



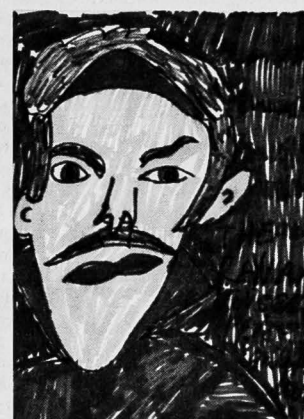
and the Don Guanella School in Springfield, Pennsylvania, where he was administered shock treatment.

Asked if he wants to frighten people, he said simply, "I'm an artist now." When I pushed him further about the influence of his childhood upon his art, he conceded that it would be too scary if "I made things look real."

Mikey has not always been an artist. Years ago, he played a major part in Philadelphia's punk scene, and once even shared a stage with Lou Reed, he says. Back when he was a punk, Mikey fronted such bands as Mikey Wild and the Magic Lanterns, Mikey Wild and the Mess, Mikey Wild and the Third Graders, and sang songs like "Satan Needs Head" and "I Hate New York" (also one of his lyrics runs: "Vincent Price isn't nice/ I love you Vincent

Price"). He performed for a while with the Hard Ons, formed by Alan Mann, who coined the name "Mikey Wild." Rumor has it that he became a member of the band only because he kept jumping up on stage with them.

Ed Wilcox, former bandmate, former friend, and director of a Drexel TV documentary about Mikey entitled "I Was Punk Before You Were Punk" (taken from the name of Mikey's best known album), remembers one Lanterns show at CBGB's, "On stage Mikey's dentures flew out... there was laughter and a pause... but then he just scooped his dentures off that nasty floor and kept on singing." According to Ed, people would come to shows



expecting to see some kind of "almost medieval" freak show, but discovered in Mikey a performer as captivating as the Ramones. "Punk was the one thing he was born to do, and he was doing it," says Ed.

A sampling of song titles from his former projects include "Die, Die, Die" and "God is Dead" or "Satan needs Head." In a moment of Philadelphia pride, he sings "Uptown downtown the big apple a bore/ uptown downtown it's rotten to the core" in the song "I Hate New York." At one point in the documentary Mikey says he's a "singer, songwriter, and author of a book." For a week he donned a blazer and carried a pipe and was the poet Michael DeLucha. Now he only wants to be associated with his artwork, which is what he is focusing on completely, producing as many as thirty of

his marker paintings in a single day. In fact, he does not even like to talk about his musical past, nor does he even listen to the punk he used to sing, saying it gives him a headache. This is a little sad considering his musical talent, and his former lyrics, "I'm a Rock n'Roll dreamer/ In a Rock n'Roll world/ on this Rock n'Roll planet."

Mikey carries his folder of John Lennons and Vincent Prices and zombies all over South Philly, and he is not snooty about who can buy his work. As much as he wants to be famous, as much as he thinks he "deserves an award," he really just wants to share what he loves with other people. His marker paintings are simply



that, what he loves, vibrant, colorful records of all his favorite things, how he sees them, how he wants others to see them; say what you will about the limitations of his work, his enthusiasm and generosity are contagious. Mikey Wild is an artist now, and thank goodness, because the art world needs more punk.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Mikey Wild Day is Sunday, March 30 at 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. at Molly's Bookstore, 1010 S. 9th Street, the same site as Mikey Wild's former home. The day includes Mikey's first exhibition of his art work, a plaque-ceremony, Mikey and Chrissy doing Beatles covers, screenings of Punktuality and I Was Punk Before You Were Punk.

Gamelon Kidnaps Barista!

'QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS' STAGE EARLY EVENING REVOLTS

BY LOREN HUNT

Suspend disbelief for a moment and imagine yourself showing up at the Khyber before eleven o'clock on a first Friday. You're standing there, minding your own business, when all of a sudden the drone of at least twelve voices half-singing, half-chanting nonsense syllables interrupts your \$2 Pabst reverie. Upon looking up from your beer in confusion, you see a motley assortment of nice kids from the neighborhood shaking rattles, pounding their chests, displaying odd costumes accessorized with red electrical tape and photographs, actually marching inside, through the bar area, and onto the stage. Is this a somber funeral pro-



cession for a Venutian mariner, swallowed before his time by a mutant sturgeon? Or is it more like the riotous, orgiastic carnival thrown by a gang of toddler super-villains killing time before their inevitable future attempts at world domination? You wouldn't be able to say. However, one thing does become glaringly apparent as Gamelon begins their fourth show ever: The Dread Plague Cool has not yet dragged this band into its posturing, haircutoff, deadpan realm of obscurity, and it's really, really exciting. This is something for which dragging your jaded ass out of Northern Liberties at nine o'clock on a weekend might actually be worth the mass scorn and derision risked by such a bold venture into the new and fresh and early in the evening.

This is a band unafraid of conscious public spectacle without being a band that camouflages amateurism or a lack of technical skills with stunts and special effects. The songs range from demented cartoon jingles cut with rough, bluesy vocals to frenetically

paced sea chanteys in which every member of the band contributes their own wild yippings, yelpings, and primal screechings, to a sardonically sweet riff on the do-wop genre that generates the rare glow of absolute sincerity. No frustrated, overlooked drummer clichés will ever include Tiberius Lyn (né Tom) in their ranks for the simple fact of his sheer technical virtuosity. His intricate, doggedly rhythmic drumming knows when to smash the shit out of a cymbal and when to trust something more subtle, and these talents are showcased rather than obscured by the rest of the band. Honus, coffee-slinger and comic-writer by day, transforms into Gamelon's unabashedly



dramatic ivory-tickler and vocalist after the sun sets and he has swallowed his daily allotment of broken glass, the better to wail lyrics like, "Her hips are a warm sarcophagus/She's so sadistic when she's sober enough," my dear. The hose, toy accordion, and vocals are supplied by the queenly Valerie Moore, who presides over the rest of the band like a den mother who dabbles in witchcraft right after the tea and crumpets. Steven Dufala plays a wistfully sad trumpet, just grainy enough to be interesting, dabbles in more percussion, and uses tasteful restraint on a snake guitar that emphasizes but never overpowers the other instruments.

Furthermore, and most importantly: The looks on the faces of the band members are pure exultance. No sneering. No faux boredom. No superfluous hair-flipping or denim-matching. Just music and mayhem, the kinds that transcend and transfix and almost make you want to believe in magic. And it's all happening before eleven o'clock, at least until everyone catches on.

LINER NOTES

THE TWIN ATLAS, *Bring Along the Weather*, TAPPERSIZE RECORDS, 2003

Philadelphia's The Twin Atlas provides solid evidence that spring is almost here. Aptly titled *Bring Along the Weather*, The Twin Atlas' 3rd full-length release does just that with 14 balmy, breezy pop songs nurtured with melodic, tasteful, and thoughtful arrangements and production. The acoustic base of the material holds firm as electric guitars, synths, vibes, and a wide array of sounds gently sway the CDs sonic limbs and keep things interesting. The vocals, often harmonized, ring of a caliber and timber encountered on Simon and Garfunkel's *Sound of Silence*, The Stone Roses' *Elizabeth*, My Dear and Mazarin's *Wheats*. *Bring Along the Weather* is the perfect listen to usher in the new season and to lose the cynicism for a little while. Bye Bye Badman, spring's first robin has just appeared. (Erik Rex)

THE DICTIONARY OF CUT UP HANDS, *Self Titled*, CRIPPLED NINJA RECORDS, 2003
http://ditfin.com/crippledninja

The Dictionary of Cut Up Hands' eponymous CD is a pleasant aural stroll through the stereo field. In The Dictionary's static-free environment, tracks shuffle along from one moodscape to the next. Featuring primarily instrumental tracks flavored with jazz sensibilities, Mark Price lets his editing and production skills do the spitting' for him. Intricate and carefully constructed electronic beats, sub-rhythms, and bleeps inhabit this place and any available sound is fair game for his compositions. Toy and upright pianos, classical guitars, and fat vintage synths lend texture to the ambient leanings of these 9 tracks recorded in his bedroom late last year. The instrumentation is sparse, but effective. The use of melody is tastefully minimal. Price's efforts validate not only his moniker, but also his talent. It's easy to enjoy the clever fun that went into making The Dictionary of Cut Up Hands. (Erik Rex)

ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE, *Attention! Blah Blah Blah*, HOPELESS, 2003

Atom and His Package know the world is both awesome and complete shit. They cope the way so few of us are fortunate enough to:

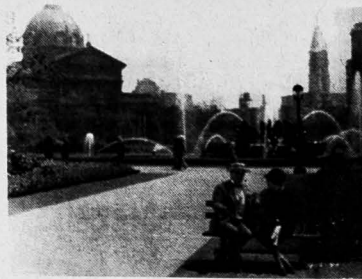
by releasing silly punk records about close friends and stupid habits. Attention! Blah Blah Blah takes more risks than 2001's *Redefining Music* and shows growth in writing and production. By melding punk and metal riffs with synth goofiness, the dynamic duo (one human, the other a musical sequencer) tap into the art of aging gracefully while savoring the recklessness of youth. Atom and His Package are said to summon the spirit of the Dead Milkmen, but they Hall-&-Oates the soul's dance floor. (Neal Ramirez)



VIEW MASTER

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL FRAUD

THE SHOW-OFF

Directed By Malcolm St. Clair
1926, 70 minutes, U.S.

BY DAN BUSKIRK

Nothing brings history to life like film footage, which can deliver insight into an era with details large and small. Although productions have steadily taken advantage of Philadelphia's gritty atmosphere since 1976's *Rocky*, feature films shot locally in the earlier part of cinema's history are few and far between.

That's just one of the reasons that the 1926 silent comedy *The Show-Off* is a special treasure for Philadelphians. With location footage shot throughout Center City, *The Show-Off*, stars former Keystone Kop Ford Sterling in the title role and offers a rare chance to see some vintage comic cavorting as the self-proclaimed "Pride of West Philly" blusters his way across town. Rest assured, he gets into trouble as only an obnoxious Philly guy could.

Based on George Kelly's popular play, *The Show-Off* features a slightly rotund Sterling as Aubrey Piper, presumably named because he pipes his own horn every chance he gets.

Imagine an evil Andy Richter with a frat boy's unctuousness and you'll get the picture. Though a lowly clerk with the Pennsylvania railroad, the way he tells it he has an army of employees working under him, owns a fleet of cars and is engaged to Amy Fisher, "of the Germantown Fishers," back at a time when Germantown residence meant you were a person of substance. Of course the sweet and naive Amy Fisher (Lois Wilson) is not from Germantown, but a young lady whose humble upbringing has left her unduly smitten with the opulent world Aubrey is promising her. Amy obviously has a taste for the finer things as she already has a bad habit of blowing her paycheck on dresses down at Strawbridge's. Amy's family is driven nuts every time Aubrey comes a-courtin', which coincidentally is usually around suppertime. He reads their mail, eats like a horse and calls Amy's father "Popcorn," while slapping him vigorously on the back. This may be set more than seventy-five years ago, but my sister dated a local guy just like this in the much more recent past.

When people think of silent comedy, they often summon images of crazy car chases (we have one here) and people hit with pies (sorry to report *The Show-Off* is sans pastries), but I was most amused by *The Show-Off*'s more subtle moments. While lounging in the Fisher's parlor waiting for dinner, Aubrey decides to move the lamp to the mantle by the mirror, all the better to indulge his vanity. Rearranging the furniture is the last straw for Mr. Fisher. He finally explodes as the title card exclaims, "As long as I'm alive this lamp is going to stay right where it is!" Later, when Amy receives a phone call telling of her father's death, Aubrey moves the lamp back to the mirror before she can even hang up. Even today it is rare that such an obnoxious character commands the lead of a film; Aubrey is as constantly annoying as DeNiro's stand-up comedian Rupert Pupkin in *King of Comedy*. Even at the film's

closing, Aubrey doesn't undergo any revelations to change his self-centered ways; he just uses his grating manner to become a Philly-style self-promoting business hustler, to the financial benefit of the floundering Fisher family.

One reason *The Show-Off* has retained a following is the presence of the silent film icon Louise Brooks. While the thick make-up and somewhat broad style often used in silent film acting is apparent with some of *The Show-Off*'s cast, the captivating Ms. Brooks seems dropped in from contemporary times to be our ambassador into the past. Sporting her trademark bangs and stylish fashion sense, Ms. Brooks plays Amy's brother's girlfriend Clara, who is instantly hip to Aubrey's game. From the moment she meets him, with just the slightest raised eyebrow she conspires with the audience as if to say that we are not fooled in the least by this blowhard. Her grace and wise demeanor are especially timeless; she even makes little actions like delicately climbing the fence between their houses (in a dress no less) a small wonder to behold.

When you live in a place it becomes yours, it becomes home. As the film's action heads out into the streets you can feel your environment being snatched from you as it morphs into a strange yet familiar landscape. How could it be, here on the streets of the city I live in, that a whole crowd of men in fedoras are milling about and making themselves at home? I found myself excitedly scanning the frame for details, trying to recognize to what corner we have been transported. Then City Hall is spotted, or the fountain in Logan Circle and for a giddy second you realize where your home exists in the past. Sure, *The Show-Off* is just a simple comedy, no better or no worse than many films playing across the country today. But as a way to move through the time and feel one's place in history, it offers Philadelphians a rare and tantalizing something more.



REPERTORY FILM CALENDAR

BY ANDREW REPASKY MCELHINNEY

MARCH 2003

Recommended flicks are in Bold

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12

7:30 PM • *Tosca* • Prince Music Theater • \$8

FRIDAY, MARCH 14

7:30 PM • *The Million Eyes of Sumuru*
The Secret Cinema at the
Sedgwick Cultural Center • \$69:00 PM • *Exhumed Films Double Feature* •
The Evil Dead • *Equinox*
Broadway Theatre, Pittman NJ • \$8

SATURDAY, MARCH 15

2:00 PM • *Darby O'Gill and the Little People*
Colonial Theatre • \$6

SUNDAY, MARCH 16

2:00 PM • *The Quiet Man* • Colonial Theatre • \$6

TUESDAY, MARCH 18

7:00 PM • *Return of the 48 Hour Film*
Festival • (www.48hourfilm.com)
Prince Music Theater7:30 PM • *The Spirit of the Beehive* • The
Chestnut Hill Film Group • FREE9:00 PM • *Fancy Pants Cinema*
(FLIX at North 3rd) • FREE

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19

7:30 PM • *The Dinner Game*
International House • \$67:30 PM • *Fox And His Friends*
Prince Music Theater • \$8

THURSDAY, MARCH 20

7:30 PM • *Fox And His Friends*
Prince Music Theater • \$8

FRIDAY, MARCH 21

8:00 PM • *The Show Off* (with Live music to
accompany the film by Don Kinnier)
International House • \$15

SATURDAY, MARCH 22

8:00 PM • *The Wisdom of the Pretzel*
(Chochmat Ha'bageleh)
International House • \$15

SUNDAY, MARCH 23

2:00 PM • *Moulin Rouge (1952)*
Colonial Theatre • \$6

TUESDAY, MARCH 25

7:30 PM • *The Silence* •
The Chestnut Hill Film Group
FREE9:00 PM • *Fancy Pants Cinema*
(FLIX at North 3rd) • FREE

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26

7:00 PM • *Chinese Roulette*
Prince Music Theater • \$89:15 PM • *Bitter Tears Of Petra Von Kant*
Prince Music Theater • \$8

THURSDAY, MARCH 27

7:00 PM • *Bitter Tears Of Petra Von Kant*
Prince Music Theater • \$89:30 PM • *Chinese Roulette*
Prince Music Theater • \$8

FRIDAY, MARCH 28

7:30 PM • *In the Mirror of Maya Deren*
Prince Music Theater • \$89:30 PM • *Maya Deren Shorts*
(including *Meshes in the Afternoon*, *Study*
in *Choreography for Camera*, *Meditation*
on *Violence and The Very Eye of Night*)
FREE

SATURDAY, MARCH 29

2:00 PM • *Erolies of the Paris Opera Ballet*
Prince Music Theater • \$87:30 PM • *Cocktails and choreography in the Cinema*
Lounge a casual evening of short films by
of *Dance Films* •
Prince Music Theater • \$8

SUNDAY, MARCH 30

11:00 AM • *Zeffirelli's La Traviata*
Prince Music Theater • \$82:00 PM • *La Dolce Vita* • Colonial Theatre • \$62:00 PM • *In the Mirror of Maya Deren*
Prince Music Theater • \$84:00 PM • *Erolies of the Paris Opera Ballet*
Prince Music Theater • \$8

TUESDAY, APRIL 1

7:30 PM • *April Fools Day Double Feature*
Airplane! • *Airplane II: The Sequel* •
The Chestnut Hill Film Group • FREE9:00 PM • *Fancy Pants Cinema*
(FLIX at North 3rd) • FREE

THURSDAY, APRIL 3 - THURSDAY APRIL 17

The 12th Philadelphia Film Festival
(formerly known as The Philadelphia Festival of
World Cinema) Please check the Philadelphia Film
Festival website at www.phillyffs.com for the full
schedule of Festival screenings and special events.

VENUES

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THE COLONIAL THEATRE
227 Bridge Street, Phoenixville,
610-917-1228 • www.thecolonialtheatre.com

THE COUNTY THEATRE,
20 East State Street, Doylestown,
215-345-6789 • repertory screening begin again in
February, check website www.countytheatre.com for
details

EXHUMED FILMS,
www.ExhumedFilms.com
check for a double feature to happen mid-February
at the Broadway Theater in Pittman New Jersey.

FANCY PANTS CINEMA
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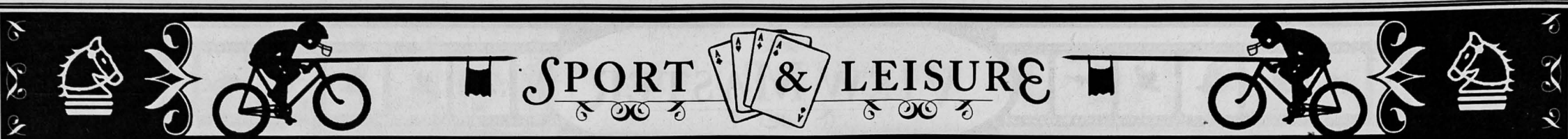
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LONG KNOWN TO BE THE BEST TRAINING FOR WARFARE

The Hockey of the Street

SCRAPPY BOYS DUEL UNDER INTERSTATE
RECLAIM PROUD SPORT OF HOCKEY FROM ICY & EFFETE SUBURBAN RINKSMEN

BY JEFFREY D. PELL

I couldn't tell whose stick the shot came off of, but it was a fucking rocket. The once yellow ball, now spotted with black flecks of dirt and debris from the poor condition of the rink, had a final destination straight to Stretch's upper thigh. A few inches to the right and his chances of fathering children would have been crushed, literally.

Instead of falling to his knees and crying like a little boy, he clenched his teeth, tightened the grip on his stick, and chased the speeding ball into the corner. There were only four defenders he had to beat, and with a newfound vigor, Stretch went end to end down the left-hand boards. A simple shoulder drop was all it took to deek Shittalker, who was only in net so the boys could play full five on five.

Perhaps if Shittalker had all the regular equipment of a normal goaltender, there would have been a chance, as Stretch was about to prove, that Thinsulate gloves are simply no match for a Mylec cold weather ball. With his only goal of the day, the man nicknamed after his favorite type of Ralph Lauren jeans ended the game with a final tally of five to four.

Though it was time for celebration, Stretch threw his gloves to the ground and immediately cupped his bruised thigh. He made no sound, yet his face grimaced with pain. But after walking it off, things were back to normal, and the crew tossed their sticks to the center of the rink so new teams could be drawn. Even though they started their day hours earlier, there was still enough time to fit in one more game. Besides, they had to teach the boys half their junior waiting to jump the boards with their shiny new blades that street hockey started and must be played on foot.

Three weeks prior, Shittalker, Joe of Failure, and a man I'll call Pelle Lindbergh (for his unmatched goaltending skills) decided to finally get Philadelphia's street hockey scene going once again. Games had been played two years before at the now defunct R5 show space, 4040. With the closing of those doors (rumor has it that sticks and equipment of "the punk rock hockey league" are still locked inside) came the end of the now legendary games, but things have come full circle, and slowly the league is starting to rise once again.

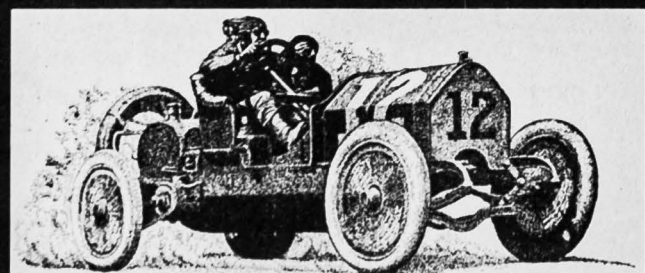
Games are now played at an infamous spot in South Philly, resting comfortably underneath the belly of I-95. It's the perfect place, as there are nets and boards, and (lets be honest) atmosphere. On an average Sunday morning, ten to twelve players quickly loosen up their legs and arms to brave the arctic chill and take aim at Pelle. Once the actual contest starts, hits begin to rise with the goal count, and of course tons of trash talking ensues. Many names have changed, but the only real difference this time around is the abundance of facial hair — an obvious defense do to the fact the rink is outside.

Action from future weeks will soon follow, as competitiveness is up while sportsmanship begins its descent. Many players lack textbook skill, but make up for it with gutsy moves, witty nicknames, some pretty amazing shirts (Neurosis, Bad Brains, and AAJ to name a few), and most importantly, their love of hockey. And being that Stretch is on the mend, these guys only need to find another full time goalie to return to the glory days of punk's hockey past, because well, Shittalker just doesn't seem comfortable between the pipes. Out on the rink though, he's part of a whole different story.



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HE ALSO LIKES TO EAT OATS!

BY NATHANIA RUBIN

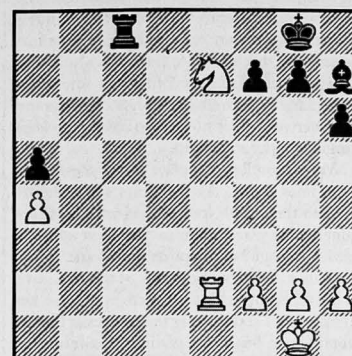


Figure 1

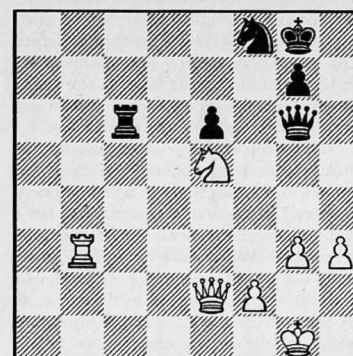


Figure 2

one piece). Often, it is not even a fork itself that is so powerful, but the possibility of a fork of which one must always be wary.

Figure 1 depicts the most efficient kind of fork, where the king is one of the pieces being forked. When the forkee is in check, there's nothing else he can do, but move the king and lose the other piece (unless there is some way of taking the forking knight).

Figure 2 shows the knight forking the opponent's queen and rook. Can you see Black's maneuver that will save both pieces?

Black gains tempo and gets his rook out of the way of the knight at the same time, by checking the White king on the first rank. Often the only way out of a fork is to counter-attack, either with a check or by attacking another valuable piece, with one of the forked pieces. Another option is to launch an altogether separate attack so that when all is said and done, pieces are traded and not lost. All this is not meant to understate the power of the fork, because often there is no defense at all.

FEATURED OPENING FOR THE KNIGHT:

The Alekhine Defense (named for the player who made the opening public in a master competition in Budapest in 1921) is a seldom seen opening for Black that begins with

knight moves instead of pawn moves and leaves the board in an exciting position. The knights are most powerful when used together! Keep in mind that there are different permutations for every opening, and White will not always respond according to the Alekhine gospel. The following is one of the common variations to have evolved for the opening. It is known as the Four Pawns' Attack. Take out the chess board and follow along.

KEY TO ALGEBRAIC NOTATION:

Algebraic chess notation is based on a coordinate system. The files (vertical lines of squares) are labelled a-h from left to right. The ranks (horizontal lines) are 1-8 from White's perspective. Moves are written as the first letter of the moved piece followed by the coordinates of its destination. There are three exceptions: Pawn moves do not start with a 'P', only the destination square is written. 'N' is used for our beloved knight. If two of the same piece may be moved to the destination square, the move will be written as the starting coordinate followed by the destination.

x means takes (bxb means bishop takes bishop)
O-O means castles kingside
O-O-O means castles queenside
+ means check
++ means checkmate

THE ALEKHINE DEFENSE:

White Black

1. e4 Nf6
Instead of responding to White's move with a pawn advance, Black brings out his knight and attacks the pawn.
2. e5 Nd5
White pushes the pawn further, attacking the knight. Black responds boldly by placing his knight in a center square.
3. e4 Nb6
White is unwilling to let the black knight remain in such a powerful position and advances the king's knight pawn to attack it. The black knight retreats to an interesting square next to the other knight's destination.
4. d4 d6
White keeps playing for pawn control of the center. Black puts his own pawn in the pot to establish an equilibrium and offer his queen's bishop an out.
5. f4 d6xe5
White defends the advanced pawn and Black opens up the center.
6. f4xe5 Nc6
After White takes the pawn, the other black knight comes out.
7. Be3 Bf5
Both sides develop their bishops.
8. Nc3 e6
White develops a knight. Black opens up his position, giving the other bishop some space.
9. Nf3 Qd7
White's other bishop comes out. Black's queen puts pressure on the center and leaves room for a queenside castle.
10. Be2 0-0-0
White pushes up his bishop and makes room for a castle. Black castles queenside.
11. Qd2 f6
The white queen moves up to open up the first rank to give the rooks lateral room.
12. e5xf6 g7xf6
This pawn exchange makes things more interesting. The king's knight file open and pawns, bishops, queens, rook, and knights all vie for the center squares.
13. O-O ...
Black to move. Try playing from this position.

SPECIAL POWERS:

In a way, the knight has x-ray vision. It's the only piece that can jump over other pieces. This makes it the least likely both to be trapped by the enemy and to become a burden to its brothers. It can be equally useful at attack and defense. In the earliest stage of the game, the opening, the knights often play key roles in defending pawns in the center and keeping the enemy from occupying pivotal squares.

FIGHT MOVE:

The knight is most feared for the ever useful fork (the simultaneous attack of more than

from HORSEPLAY, page 4

lar sculpture. Buttsliding fifty-step banisters at speeds that bruise the heel upon dismount. Leaping steep thirty-foot grass hills and landing in one piece only by virtue of the incline. Entering by window rather than door. Cannonballs into food court fountains. American Gladiator games in midnight construction sites. Sloppy pirouettes around stop sign poles. Looney-Toon chases through malls, with us on skateboards and security in hot pursuit. Walls, bars, stairs, signs, side-walks, doors, floors, balconies, and gravity all control our flow through space and time, whether we know it or like it or not. Horseplay, in this respect, is emancipatory. We can go over, under, and sometimes through tables rather than going

the inside of the Christmas tree in Love Park? None too recently, I'd bet. And why? Merely from fear of being ridiculed by little children and members of the opposite sex. People stare, without a doubt. But, if you intend on swimming against the directives of space and concrete, it will be necessary to make an ass of yourself in public. It's simply part of the game.

Another obstacle is the more understandable fear of self-endangerment; fear of splitting your face in two on an iron-wrought fence. But this is half the fun; the whole gamble of amateur stunt-manship. And should something go wrong, at least you've won your wager with BlueCross BlueShield. Think of it that way.

But many out there just don't know where to start, all fears aside. All their colleagues walk in

you have a firm grasp on the essentials. Once the knack is second nature, you can move onto bigger things: the twin rails in the Market East Station. There are two, leading from 11th Street down to the Gallery level. With two bars closely in parallel, you can face forward in a La-Z-Boy recline and slide down in kingly comfort. And then—when you're ready—try the kinked handrails on the Perelman Building across from the Art Museum. They fall and flatten and fall again. The gods never intended us to have so much fun with their creation.

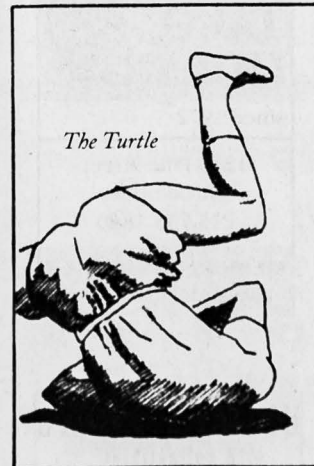
Silversurfing does not necessarily involve silver. Rubber escalator banisters always slide with superb handling, and Strawbridge's has a whole series of slick little beauties snaking between its floors, with butt-sized strips of metal between

of both the up and down escalators simultaneously. To see what I mean, enter the Pennsylvania Convention Center from Market Street and swing an innocent-looking right after the security desk (or continue upstairs into the Marioland of the Marriott lobby). There you'll find a pair of gorgeous banisters tailor-made for the method mentioned above. Wait courteously until the coast and the escalators are clear; then throw your legs up and—*whoosh*. Like an afternoon at the water park.

I hear you wondering "won't the rent-a-cops nab me for this kind of crap?" The answer is: not if you outrun them they won't. A return to the crime scene is always possible unless they get a full name or photo. "Sir, we were only polishing the brass. No harm done." But, if apprehended



around them. Non-Euclidean drifting just might be the greatest sport of the twenty-first century. For most, the first obstacle to freeform horseplay is the need to maintain your composure. It is always, in the words of Blake, the "mind-forg'd manacles" that keeps the hopelessly grown-up from turning a walk to the post office into a Buster Keaton/Jackie Chan routine. If you don't believe me, spend an afternoon in the train station, watching one person after another as they bark, powerwalk, and miss the train, just so that they wouldn't be caught in the middle of a full-on sprint. Think, when was the last time you saw a geometry teacher leap a picnic table or climb up



straight lines, and they themselves have never once noticed the similarities between launch ramps and wheelchair ramps. Well, for those in search of a second childhood, I'm here for you. Beginnings can be scary, I know; so we'll wade into the tutorial with something nearly all of us have experienced: buttsliding handrails. Or, as we at the Center for Experimental Living like to call it, "silversurfing." Almost any rail will do; I recommend one with more than ten steps. I might suggest the bunny slopes around the Society Hill Towers or the concourse exits near City Hall. Take some time to familiarize yourself with the curves; sliding down over and over again until



the rail and wall that are as slippery as the banister itself. You may have noticed that, in most cases, metal strips between and beside escalators have raised notches specifically designed to discourage would-be silversurfers. That is a pity; but at the same time, a wonderful testament to the incorrigibility of the human spirit; that sober-minded civil engineers must burn serious time around the drafting table thinking up ways to keep people from screwing around.

Even when the strips are notched—or when there are no strips at all—there are ways. One method, fleshed to form by the Center for Experimental Living, is to straddle the banisters



and banned for life from your favorite spot, just remember that so much of the earth's surface consists of slippery incline. It's all a matter of developing the Eye. Right next door, as a matter of fact, outside the Aramark Towers, is an adorable little marble slant that makes do for kicks on a desolate Sunday night. In the Free Library at 19th and Vine even, the grand staircase is flanked by wide, polished stone, just out of view of the Information Desk. And, my God man, let's not even begin with Independence Plaza or Philadelphia in snow or ice.

There should be a sign as you enter the city: Welcome to the Concrete Jungle Gym.

THE SEASONED SUPPER

THE SPORK IS A WORTHY TOOL, BUT EVENTUALLY ONE MUST MOVE ON.

on beer Skittlebräu

Tasty as Manischewitz and Strong as Nyquil, Fruit Beers are nothing less than the warm Maple Syrup on the Warm Buttermilk Pancakes that are the Days of Spring.

BY JEN SHIMONY

One more drink and I'll be under the host. — DOROTHY PARKER

Winter has wreaked its havoc on us, dumping snowstorm after snowstorm on the Philadelphia region leaving us chilled, bitter, and desperate for a taste of spring. Although some beer purists may scoff, fruit beers are a welcome elixir this time of year. Even the most stalwart "I don't like beer" drinkers are often pleasantly surprised by the charms of fruit beers. They are a balm for the winter-weary spirit. They also are a delightfully elegant way to get drunk.

Although fruity, malt-based alcoholic concoctions seem like a new invention, Belgian monks have been brewing with fruit for centuries. Traditionally, raspberries and cherries were the fruits of choice, but now peaches, apricots, blueberries and the like all are making cameo appearances in your pint glass.

Fruit beer should capture the aroma and flavor of fresh fruit. It should never taste like anything but the genuine article. Fruit beers come in a variety of styles and each should also remain true to its style characteristics. That means raspberry stouts should be as full-bodied and dangerously dark as any other stout but should marry well with the fruit.

Unibroue's unexpectedly vibrant *Quebec Chose* (8 percent alcohol by volume) is a garnet-hued cherry ale with a full, sweet-tart cherry flavor that is enhanced when the beer is served warm. A glass Irish coffee mug is the perfect way to enjoy this gift from Quebec. *Cherish Kriek* is far less impressive with a syrupy flavor reminiscent of Luden's cough drops. Sam Adams Cherry Wheat fails in two categories. It's a lackluster fruit beer and an even worse wheat beer. It left me colder than I already was.

However, the frolicking lovers on the label of Cantillon's *Rose de Gambrinus* hint at the springtime Bacchanal that could be had while enjoying this deep-pink raspberry lambic. The primmest of maidens may be persuaded to toss

her skivvies. Lambic fans who are tired of raspberry brew should discover (or rediscover) the subtle sweetness of black currants. Lindemans Cassis (available almost anywhere craft beer is sold) is an elegant alternative to champagne. The Møet and Chandon crowd will appreciate the Art Nouveau label. Serve it in slinky flutes and score points with *chéri*.

For uncomplicated, vernal refreshment, turn to Woodchuck's Pear Cider. This cider is popular in tap rooms across Philadelphia in warmer months, but can be had in bottles from any reputable beer distributor until the first pint is poured this spring. It's a clear, pale golden cider with a clean, pronounced pear flavor. Its alcohol content is relatively low, making it all the more refreshing. Perfect after you've been shoveling snow all afternoon.

Sometimes a sip is worth a schlep. Belly up to the bar at Monk's Cafe (16th and Spruce Streets) and order a Berliner Kindl Weissie when nothing else will quell your spring fever. This crisp German sparkler is served in wide, champagne-style glasses with your choice of raspberry or woodruff syrup.

Woodruff turns the beer a pale asinthe green and adds subtle floral notes. Although not exactly a fruit beer, a soft fragrant heather ale such as *Fraoch Heather Ale*. Brewing beer with blossoms and herbs other than hops is an ancient tradition in the British Isles. This heather ale from Scotland is creamy with a delicate herbal finish.

Although Puxatawney Phil has cursed us with six more weeks of rotten weather, we can thank him for allowing us some extra time to stay in and sip a little spring preview and think warm thoughts.

Next month, legendary beer hunter and connoisseur Michael Jackson (no, not the baby-dangling King of Pop) comes to Philadelphia to spread the gospel and get loaded as part of the Book and the Cook festival.



This is not the author.

We now offer the debut edition of our Industry Column, deglazed by an
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A GRAIN OF SALT

So, where to start an introductory column on the dark recesses of the restaurant world? Who gets the first dish? Where should the gossip begin? Is anybody safe? No! First up, Neil Stein has a black cloud looming over his head, getting larger by the minute. Prediction is it won't be going away 'til spring at the very least. Recently spotted back in Philly while supposedly on a five-week vacation in the Caribbean. With the departure of longtime Comptroller John McKimney, (who may have known more about the company than Neil did) bad checks for employees and purveyors are becoming second nature. Not that his restaurants are all doing bad, it's just that the sink hole known as Avenue B is dragging the whole company down. Even with ace chef Lance Holton, the restaurant has shut down lunch, and operating under the tightest reigns. This doesn't bode well for the future of his empire. Speaking of empires, what an empire it would make if Georges Perrier and Audrey Claire got together and combined their efforts, other than just making out in the booth at Rouge. Speaking of Rouge, their newest rip-off on the square is Avram Hornik's French Bistro Loie. Word is the menu and service manual is the same as Rouge, why not outdoors seating as well? He's trying to prove that people eat in his places, not just go to dance. Anybody ever eat at Lucy's since David Ansil left to open Pif? I didn't think so. In other square news Denim is open, but who cares? More dudes in all black, you heard it here first, Rittenhouse is the new Old City, God help us. With Stephen Starr eyeing up the Barclay and different nightspots planned, I hope it doesn't look inviting to those of South Jersey. Northern Liberties has added a new Belgian bar, the Abbaye, lost is Palette. Damn! No more free mimosas at brunch. With the opening of Eulogy near 2nd and Chestnut, the total of Belgian theme bars now exceed Philadelphia's total number of Belgians. Salt is what's hot in Philly right now. Their creative cuisine that focuses on "chef food" and has been wowing the Rittenhouse Square types. Word has it that it's been packed with food scenerists like Shola Olunloyo and Carol Saline; tasting Vernon Jordan's food nightly. If these snobs would go somewhere else maybe we would be able to get a table. What's not hot is Mixto, with employees apologizing for the quality of the food and the managers oblivious to it all, we might be hearing the death knell early.

SEND YOUR INSIDE RESTAURANT TIPS TO
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produce Lettuce help

BY ERIK BADER

Finding good fruits and vegetables in the frozen thawless and lawless months of winter is no bowl of cherries, and trying to figure out the right stuff for the right price is enough to drive a good person bananas. Enter: this new green around the ears column. Every month we'll produce for you a cornucopia of suggestions from the fruits of our labor, so go ahead, veg out, you couch potato! Orange you glad we're here? Now, lettuce suggest a few items for the month of March:

Trying to kick that winter cold? Then put down those Vitamin C tablets and go straight to the source. California navel oranges and Florida grapefruits are both at their peak, with their highest sugar content and sweetest flavor. And don't forget that even gods like Dionysus got started somewhere, so begin your own program for deification with Chile Thompson white seedless grapes — buy them with an amber color for assured sweetness.

Trying to keep the doctor away? While red and gold delicious apples won't make up for a lousy insurance policy, they are both at their peak season and may help keep you that way as well.

If all of the above sound a little too fruity for you, there's always California broccoli, which is inexpensive and packs full flavor, as well as having lots of vitamins. Florida red potatoes are the best eating right now, look for ones with bright color. For the experimental, California asparagus (also known as broccolini) is an interesting and delicious new vegetable (it has an asparagus bottom with a broccoli top). Best sautéed or steamed. And Florida escarole is good eating right now. Look for it with a bleach color. Tastes great and very nutritious.

So that's all we've heard from the grapevine this month. And remember: when you're in a pickle, and you need sage advice, we'll be here to spill the beans.

THE AUTHOR WOULD LIKE TO ACKNOWLEDGE
HIS FATHER AND JOEY V.
FOR THEIR ASSISTANCE WITH THIS COLUMN.

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SOCIETY MEETING: Open House for the Throating Singing Society of Philadelphia, 7:30 PM, Tuesday, March 18th @ 2923 Poplar Street Apt. 1A, Philadelphia, near Fairmount. Refreshments. For more info, call Willie, 215-236-2409.

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WEBSITE: Pointless Questions Answered. What "GENIE" painted those "el neutron" newspaper boxes for THE PHILADELPHIA INDEPENDENT? Find the answer to this and other pointless questions at www.timgough.org. design/print/web/illustration/silkscreen/vandalism : timgough@comcast.net

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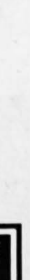
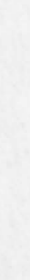
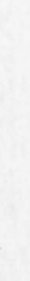
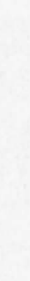
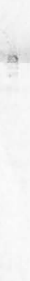
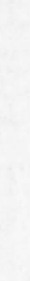
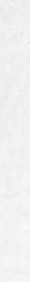
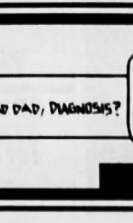
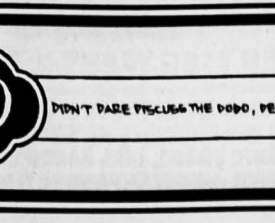
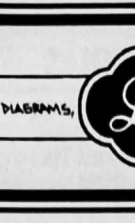
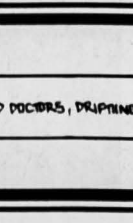
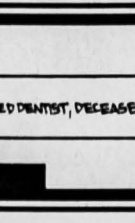
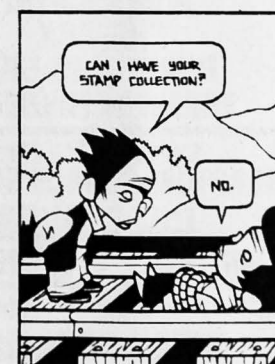
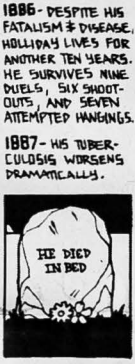
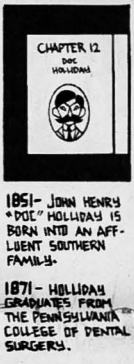
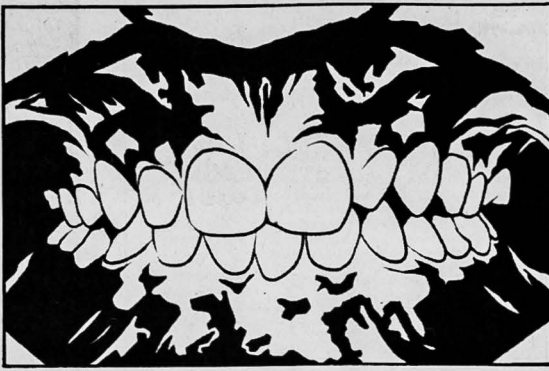
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PELICAN DAUGHTERS

CHAPTER 3:

TIE THY TONGUE ON TURKEY HILL

JACOB WEINSTEIN



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ACROSS

1. Having worn tread.
5. Race unit.
8. Sporting event encouragement.
11. Away from the wind.
15. Emollient ooze, informally.
16. Bustle.
17. Your self.
18. Produced.
19. Wee child.
20. Warm.
22. Object of worship.
23. Fragrance.
25. Pos. opposite.
26. Chow.
28. One thought capable of flight / legs spread, arms propping a globe. His opponent's name begging / ornithological probe.
34. Friar followers of Saint Francis.
37. Iowa city.
38. Approx. entry hour.
39. Before.
41. Theater credits.
43. Nobel Innovation.
45. Goat-man.
47. Locale.
48. Nouveau _____.
50. Hopeful utterance.
51. Man against nature / in a battle royal / the ritual of an island tribe. May reward be act / perturbing a nation / orange soda they'll no longer imbibe.
55. Middle age Scandinavian.
56. Amphitheater center.
57. Licentious man.
59. Foreign.
60. Record speed.
61. NYSE floor activity.
63. "Now you're playing with power!" initials.
64. Common opener.
66. Teeth, of metal or wood usually.
67. Extractor of wisdoms.
68. To my opponent / you damn dirty ape / get your paws off me. This is a matter / not of creation / rather bi-olo-gy.
72. Toe tag info.
73. Second Caesar of the yr.
74. Silent.
79. Palindromic Swedes of disco.

DOWN

2. Uncover of treasure Ali.
3. Wingy.
4. Guatemalan wolf.
5. Consider.
6. Land locked liquid in the Loire.
7. "4 out of 5 recommend" group.
7. Beats up.
8. Rule.
9. Gone by.
10. Frank.
11. Friendship.
12. Young fellow..
13. Old Tokyo.
14. Fish known for slipperiness.
21. 40-down for example.
24. Open, somewhat.
27. Kind of DNA lesion.
29. Sharif and others.
30. Send back.
31. Doggie M.D.
32. Like vitamin A.
33. Characteristic of a little effected signal.
34. Rhea, to Romans.
35. Beans, con arroz.
36. Automobile operator.
40. Pu-__ Yunnan export.
42. Many a gander's desire.
43. 100,000 BTUs.
44. Grainy snow.
46. Prize.
49. 12-down, after a few years.
52. Disclose frustrations with.
53. "___ of spaghetti, all covered with cheese."
54. Grand.
55. A bread from the tandoor.
58. "For instance" offerings.
60. SUV: __ 4.
62. Helper. Abbr.
65. Famous dam builder.
66. Kind of brandy.
69. Old saying.
70. Vanzetti's partner.

FAMOUS RIVALRIES

You versus Everybody Else

BY JASON E. GIBBS

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2nd PRIZE: To the best 500-word essay on fame and rivalry, a 12-issue Freemason Subscription to THE PHILADELPHIA INDEPENDENT and publication in these pages, and a hot breakfast consisting of two pretzels.3rd PRIZE: To six randomly drawn correct Puzzles postmarked by April 15, a 6-issue Rizzo Subscription to THE PHILADELPHIA INDEPENDENT.

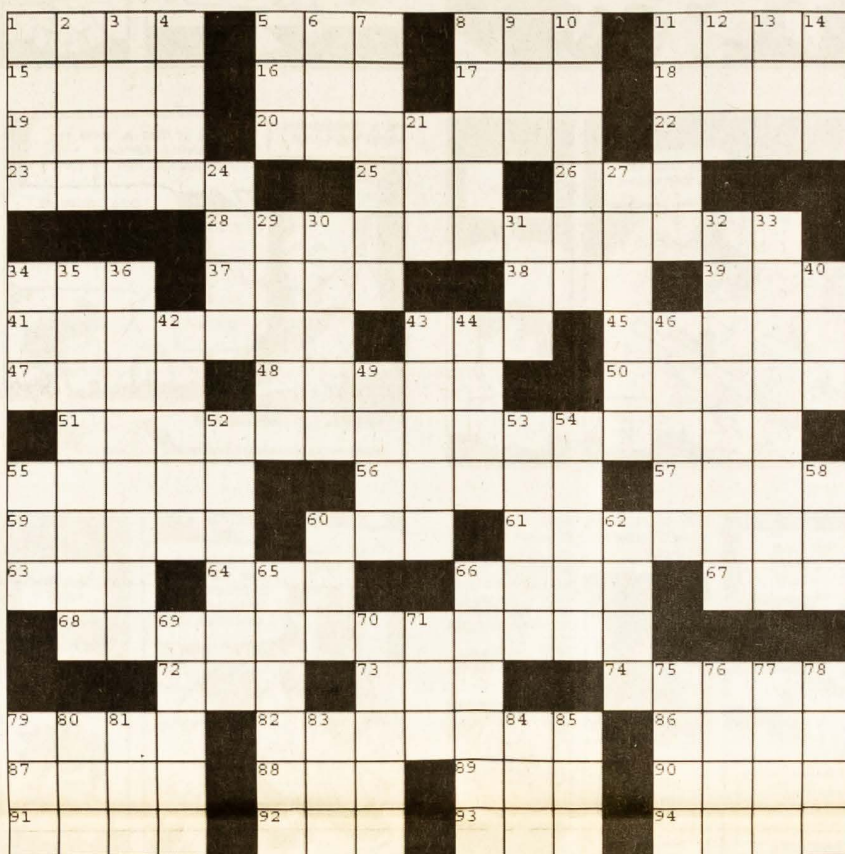
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3/14: The Nyabinghi Liberation Council Presents Timi Tanzania+the Dub Warriors, Voices of Africa, Taina, Walidah Imarisha, et al. 8pm (reggae/dub/roots/drumming/spoken word)

3/15: Sick City Showcase doors 6pm (punk/garage/rock series) Select 68, The Coo Coos, Psy Ops., The Ghouls, Famous in Vegas, Cheerleaders of the Apocalypse

3/21: Gate to Moonbase Alpha 8pm (ambient/experimental/avant-garde series) Tenure(Dev79), LoVid, The Great Quentini, RED L.E.D. Elder, David Gerbstadt, Chase Bowman

3/22: Ladyfest Philly Event(ladyfestphilly.org): 2pm (Sashimi, WAVE, Triple Creme, Lotsix, Taradactyl, Magdalena Zurowski, Nytelite, The Tunics, Kelly Werkheiser, Plum Dragoness 8pm (Ken, Del Cielo, X's X's, The Beatings, Winterbrief, Frostiva; \$8 benefits Ladyfest

3/23: QPenn Pres. Shook Ones: a Panel on Homophobia in Hip Hop; panelists incl. Keith Boykin(former special asst. to Clinton) Caushun(1st openly gay rapper);activists; 5pm

3/28: Penn Student Showcase 9pm (The After Glow, For Sale, et al)

3/29: Linguistics OPEN MIC 8pm (spoken word/MCs/singer-songwriters; featuring The Po MCs)

4/4 + 4/5: Puppet Uprising 7pm both (puppetry/theater/cheap art sale)

4/6: Benefit for WQHS (Penn Student radio) 8pm (Spoon Crooked Fingers, SQ; \$10; Ticket onsale TBA, check our site)

4/10-4/13: The Lost Film Fest v8.0 (Times vary, check lostfilmfest.com)

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Thursday March 27th
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Thursday April 3rd
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FRI 3/14
The Sinners
Wide Right
The Reflectors

THU 3/20
Ladyfest Philly
presents
Victory At Sea
The Jane Anchor
Jen Hess
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THU 3/27
The Teeth
Chet Delcampo
Bishop Allen (NYC)

FRI 3/28
This Radiant Boy
Val Emmich
Shawn Kilroy

FRI 4/4
Jai Alai Savant
We Ragazzi (Chicago)
Taking Pictures (ex-Hurl)
\$8

FRI 4/18
Alkali Flats
Metropolitan (DC)
Awake (NYC)

FRI 4/25
Thee Minks
Mondo Topless
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Happy Hour 5-7pm

TRITONE

1508 South St. Philadelphia, PA (215) 545-0475

Best in performance arts nightly

Sat. 3/1 -----Cisco Jeeters & 6 pack crik
Sun. 3/2 -----Jamaaladeen Tacuma & Calvin Westin, Jeff Monjack
Tony Fathead & Rick Iannaccone
Thurs. 3/6 -----Bobby Zankel Jazz Orchestra
Fri. 3/7 -----Hip Hop Lives w/ Electric City
Sat. 3/8 -----Buddhafest #4
Mon. 3/10 -----Maldclay Pipers (members of critters buggin-band of frogs)
Thurs. 3/13 -----Global Illage
Fri. 3/14 -----7pm Byrad Lancaster/Harold Smith - 11pm South Congress
Sat. 3/15 -----Frantic Flattops - Gas Money
SUN. 3/16 -----DAN SCOFIELD PRESENTS WOLF VERSUS SHOT BY SHOT
MON. 3/17 -----SLOSHAKY
THURS. 3/20 -----HARD LIQUOR THEATER "SEVEN DEADLY SINS"
FRI. 3/21 -----DR KETCHUP-BIRDBRAIN (NYC)
SAT. 3/22 -----LADYFEAT-DJ JULIA FACTORIA-ORAG KINGS
SUN. 3/23 -----HOLLY GOLIGHTLY-KO & THE KNOCKOUTS
THURS. 3/27 -----WARREN OREE & THE PO-JAZZ CONNECTION
FRI. 3/28 -----NUEVO MUSICHE-TUNNELS (FEAT. JOHN GOODSALL-SARAH PILLOW-MARC WAGNER-PERCY JONES)
SUN. 3/30 -----CRAZY STEVIES' HOT FUNK & SOUL NIGHT

Every Mon-7pm-Shakey Lymon & Justin Kolb play the blues FREE!
Every Tues-A Rock Tits Event-DJs spinning the BEST rock FREE!!!!
Every Wed-No band, No DJ, just the best jukebox in town FREE!!!

American - Southern - Cajun Cuisine
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Crabcakes - BBQ pulled pork sandwiches - Pierogies - Soup djour
Catfish Tenders - Homemade Veggie burgers - Hummus
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